

NATIONAL REVIEW

35 Cents

May 22, 1962

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Baloney and Free Speech

WILLMOORE KENDALL



The Sociology of the Car Pool

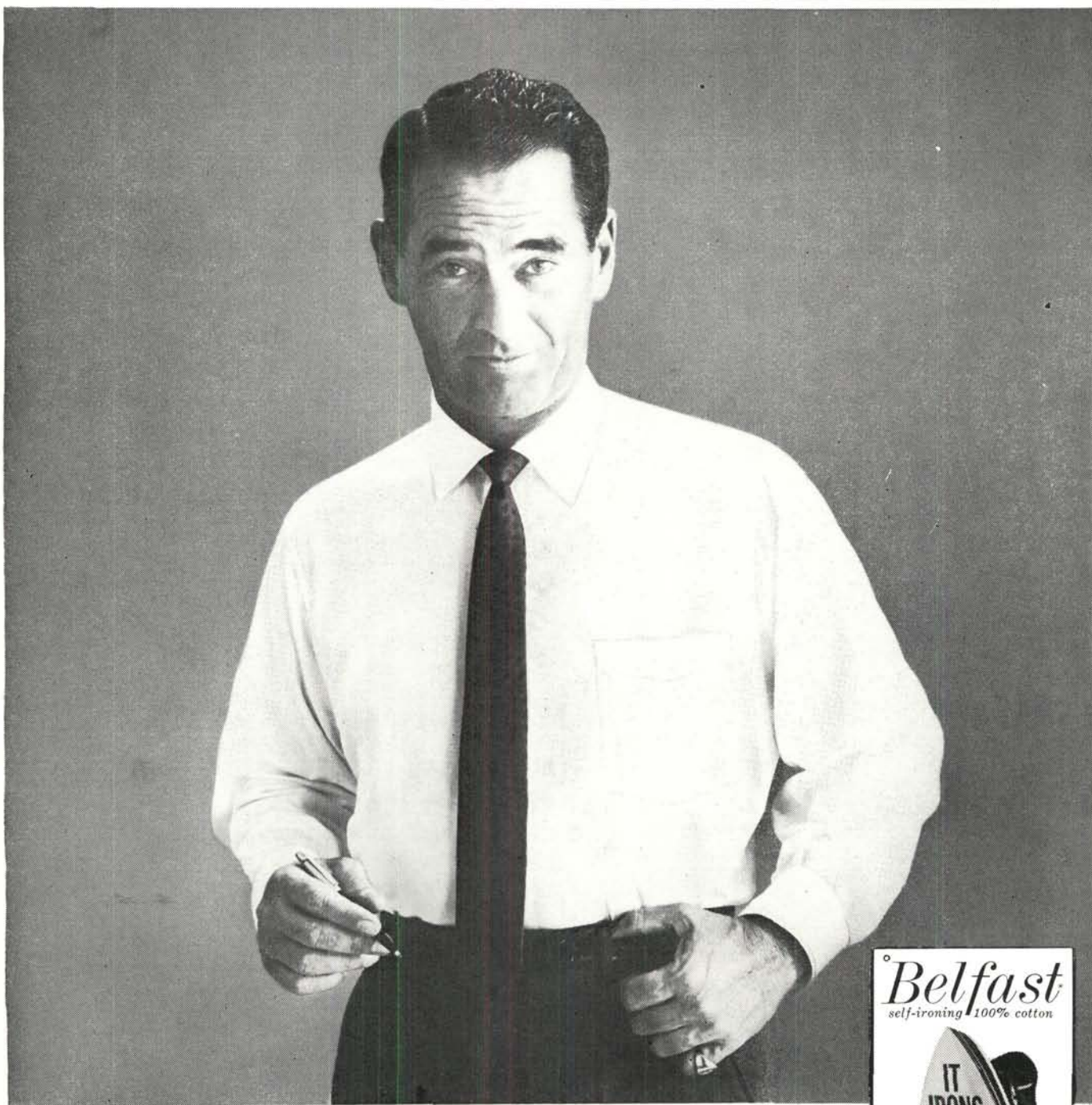
ALOISE B. HEATH

Tariffs and the Common Market

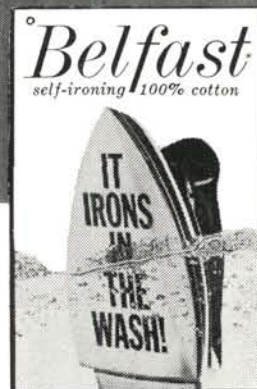
MILTON FRIEDMAN

Articles and Reviews by . . . FREDERICK D. WILHELMSSEN
SIR SHANE LESLIE • GARRY WILLS • DONALD COWAN
ROBERT MORRIS • RICHARD WHALEN • JOHN CARDEN

TEXTILE RESEARCH PLAYS VITAL ROLE IN OUR FUTURE ECONOMY



OKAY HONEY, give me the checkbook,
this BELFAST® cotton is wash and wearable.



BELFAST SELF-IRONING FABRICS DIVISION
Deering Milliken, Inc., 1045 Sixth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.



Deering Milliken Research Corp., Spartanburg, S. C.

*America's largest, most modern research facilities
devoted exclusively to textile research.*

©Belfast is the registered trademark of the Deering Milliken Research Corporation for its self-ironing fabrics.

NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell, James Burnham, Willmoore Kendall

Frank S. Meyer, William F. Rickenbacker

MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood

ASSISTANT: Martha Butler

ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES

Frank Chodorov, Morrie Ryskind

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: Timothy J. Wheeler

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Chamberlain,

John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, A. Derso, Joan Didion,

M. Stanton Evans, David Franke, J. D. Futch,

Henry Hazlitt, Aloise B. Heath, Will Herberg,

Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, John D. Kreuttner,

Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn, J. B. Matthews,

Jonathan Mitchell, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer,

Maureen B. O'Reilly, E. Merrill Root, Kenneth Shorey,

Ralph de Toledano, Richard M. Weaver,

Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune

Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan

CIRCULATION MANAGER: Charles J. McHugh

PROMOTION MANAGER: Patrick J. Gorman

ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

CONTENTS MAY 22, 1962 VOL. XII, NO. 20

THE WEEK 351

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

Forrest Davis John Chamberlain 357

The Voice of Sir Charles Wm. F. Buckley Jr. 358

From Washington Straight Cato 359

The Sociology of the Carpool Aloise B. Heath 360

Profile in Lèse-Majesté James J. Baumgartner 362

Tariffs and the Common Market Milton Friedman 363

'My Doxy Is Orthodoxy' Frederick D. Wilhelmsen 365

Baloney and Free Speech Willmoore Kendall 367

Paranoiac Mirror James Burnham 369

Government Medicine v. Public Health W. F. Rickenbacker 370

To the Editor 381

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Harvard Commutes to Washington Garry Wills 371

Nixon: A Burnt-Out Case Richard Whalen 372

Science and the Elders Donald Cowan 373

Hurricane of Sound Sir Shane Leslie 375

Time Is Running Out Robert Morris 377

Master of the Macabre John Carden 378

Books in Brief 380

VERSE

Hang on, Sir Hillary! Johannes Eff 366

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Review, Inc. at 163 Pratt Street, Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.). Copyright 1962 in the U.S.A., by National Review, Inc. All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undelivered copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES

National Review

150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.

Telephone ORegon 9-7330

RATES: \$15.00 a year (\$8.00 for the 36-page issues, and \$7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate fortnights). The 8-page issues are available separately at \$10.00 a year. In all cases, add \$1.00 for Canada, \$2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

In This Issue ...

➔ **John Chamberlain** honors his old friend, our friend and colleague, the wise, learned, witty and honorable American, Forrest Davis, who last week died most tragically.

➔ We publish an analysis of the nature and prospects of the Common Market by Chicago University's noted economist, **Milton Friedman**. For reasons on which our readers may sit in comparative judgment, Professor Friedman reaches one practical conclusion different from NR's . . . **Aloise Heath**, the scourge of Hartford, presents a sociological study in depth that should easily win her an honorary Ph.D. at Michigan State: the first fully researched monograph on "one of the ten most important institutions of this century" (*op. cit.*), the mothers' carpool for school-age children. Mrs. Heath will be remembered for her previous laboratory reports on Unexplored Problems of the pre-Christmas Season. . . . The most important institutions are also the topic, though in a less catastrophic vein, of Professors **Frederick D. Wilhelmsen** and **Willmoore Kendall**. Mr. Wilhelmsen, whose essay on the Myth of the East is fresh in memory, asserts the desirability and inevitability of orthodoxy, even in a society where all heresies are permitted. Mr. Kendall shows how much nonsense, and how much ignorance about real life in these United States, are concealed behind the *orthodox* Liberal doctrine of total Freedom of Speech. . . . and **James Burnham** considers how little our press tells us of France and Algeria.

➔ The book section begins with a welcome by **Garry Wills** to the fine new book, *The Decline of the Intellectual*, by NR's contributing editor, Thomas Molnar, which Meridian press has just published as a handsome "quality paperback." Mr. Wills has almost finished his work at the Center for Hellenic Studies, and will teach next year at Johns Hopkins. . . . **Richard Whalen**, who reviews both the text and the meaning of Richard Nixon's premature but perhaps prophetic memoirs, is also shifting, in his case from one to another editorial staff: *Wall Street Journal's* to *Fortune's*. . . . Two books on the ambiguous place of science in our time are grist for **Donald Cowan's** critical mill. Prof. Cowan, physicist at the University of Dallas, will this summer attend an international conference in Athens on one of his two prime specialties: the desalinization of water. . . . Dallas University's President, **Robert Morris**, also joins our reviewers, with discerning praise for a new book on the war we are in. . . . **Sir Shane Leslie**, who may serve as distinguished proof, against the horrific example of his octogenarian fellow countryman, Lord Russell, that years need not addle a writer's wits, plays variations on two biographies of England's piquant musical conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham. . . . And **John Carden**, a professional man of radio, ponders a somber newly released movie of Ingmar Bergman ➔

NOW

**YOU
can see
it with
your
own
eyes!**

NIGHTMARE in ...

RED

**HERE IS WHAT YOU WILL SEE
IN THIS NARRATIVE HISTORY OF COMMUNISM:**

PART #1 (27 minutes)

- **The destruction of the old order** • The Revolution of 1905 • The Peasants demand land • The Russian Autocracy enters World War I • Germany inflicts crushing defeats on the Tsar's ill-prepared armies • the Army revolts
- **The October Revolution** • The Tsar abdicates • Kerensky tries to restore order • Lenin sent into Russia by Germans • the storming of the Winter Palace • the Communist minority's coup d'etat • the fall of Russian democracy • the Red terror begins
- **The Civil War** • the White armies fight back • the Allies intervene • Lenin deserts Allies, signs separate peace with Kaiser • Red Army terrorizes countryside • 7,000,000 Russians die in Civil War that brings starvation and economic collapse

PART #2 (27 minutes)

- **The Rise of Stalin** • Lenin dies • Secret Police spread Red Terror throughout Russia • Stalin's "Five Year Plan" forces peasants into Collectives • 5,000,000 die as peasants are starved into submission • Stalin purges his own followers
- **USSR enters Second World War** • Hitler-Stalin Pact • Nazis and Reds divide Poland • Hitler invades Russia • Germans greeted as liberators • 1,000,000 Russians join Wehrmacht • Nazi rape of Russia enables Stalin to rally people for patriotic war
- **The betrayal of the Allies** • Russia overruns East Europe • the Iron Curtain descends • the continuing Red Terror • Communist Cold War propaganda • the death of Stalin • the new Communist "Nobility" • the Siberian Slave Camps

The
most shocking
drama in
history!





YES, NOW YOU CAN SEE IT ALL!

— the full and bloody story of the rise of Communism, from the Revolution of 1905 through Stalin's mysterious death.

"... well-documented, authentic and accurate. More important, it drives home the real truth concerning Communism. It is a film that every American should see."

That is what William F. Tompkins, Assistant Attorney General and head of the Justice Department's Internal Security Division, said of this eye-opening film. And *you will agree* when you see this shocking full-length (54 minutes) film. Authentic newsreels show you all the ugly violence of revolution, all the terrible bitterness of Communist oppression.

Your group or organization will want to see this highly informative documentary film. It can make your next meeting the most important you have ever held!

Don't miss this opportunity. Only a limited number of this two-part film are available. Each part sells separately for \$115, and you can get *both* Parts #1 and #2 for only \$215, complete. We pay *all* postage and handling charges.

You will want to show these startling films over and over again, so order one or both parts *now*. Use the handy coupon below TODAY.

USE THIS COUPON to order your copies of this vital film!

**Order this "LIVING
HISTORY" for your club,
school or library NOW!**

Part #1: **\$115.00**

Part #2: **\$115.00**

Complete Film only: **\$215.00**



Communications Distribution, Inc.
79 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send me my copies of the 54-minute, 16mm black-and-white sound documentary film "NIGHTMARE IN RED" as indicated below:

_____ print(s) of Part #1 (27 minutes; price: \$115).

_____ print(s) of Part #2 (27 minutes; price: \$115).

_____ print(s) of BOTH Parts #1 and #2 (54 minutes; price \$215).

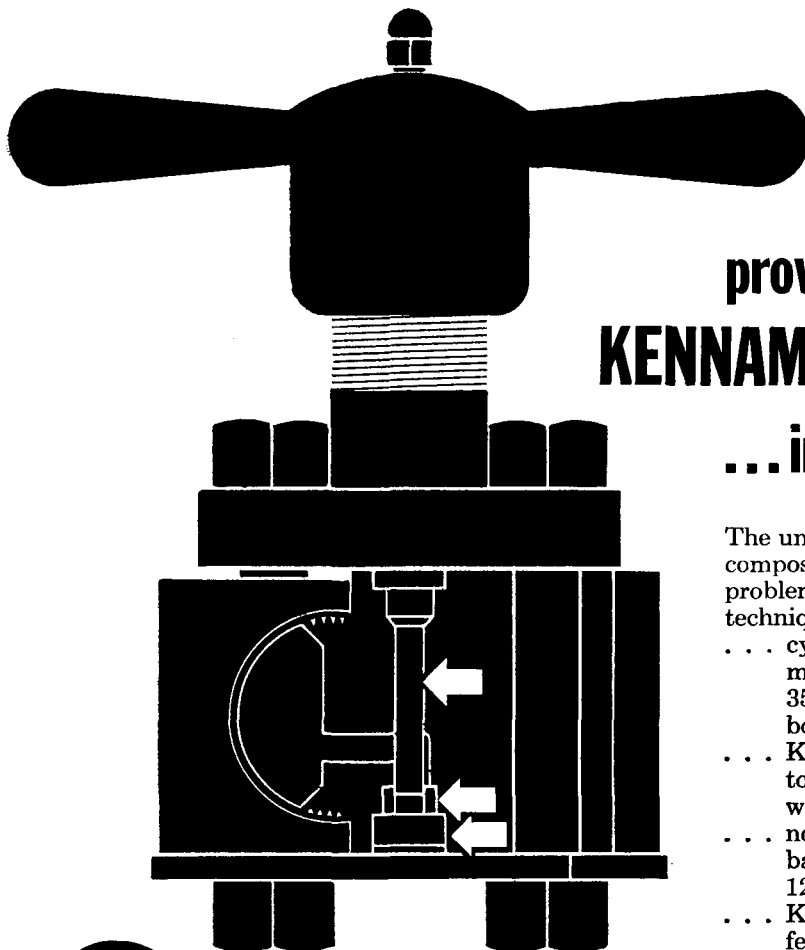
Enclosed is my check for \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(please make all checks payable to Communications Distribution, Inc.)



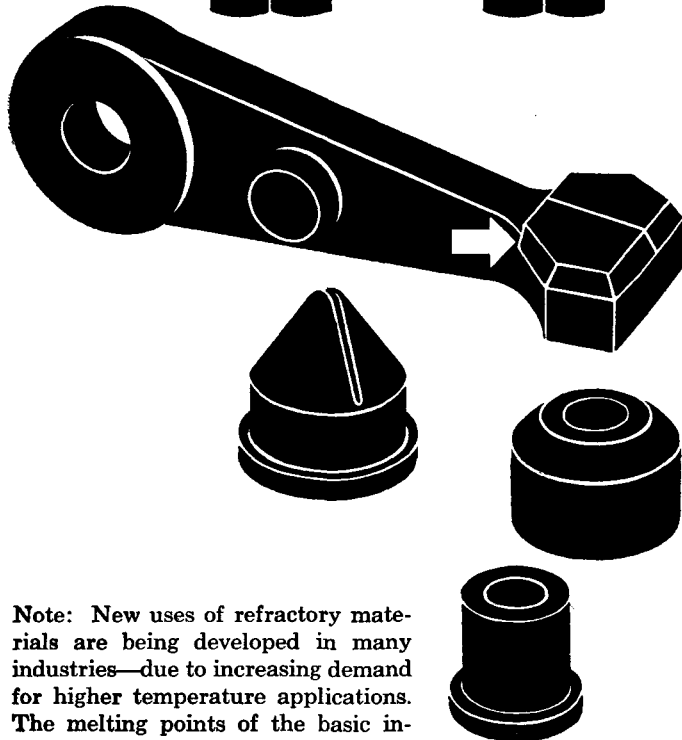
proven uses of KENNAMETAL* HARD CARBIDES ...in the processing industries

The unique characteristics of Kennametal hard carbide compositions make them ideal for solving difficult problems experienced with many complex processing techniques. For example:

- ... cylinder liners of Kennametal with a YME of 94 million psi permit gases to be compressed up to 35,000 psi in making polyethylene for squeeze bottles and many other articles.
- ... Kennametal-tipped hammers in pulverizing 3,500 tons of highly abrasive material show a 17-to-1 wear advantage over steel.
- ... nozzles of Kennametal used in spraying water base titanium oxide paint average 736 hours, a 123-to-1 wear ratio compared with steel.
- ... Kennametal components in valves withstand effect of moving solid-fluid dispersion materials through valves at 646 miles per hour.

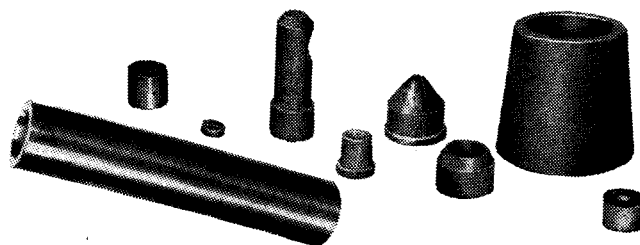
Forward-looking and consistent research and development have opened other markets for Kennametal—so it is now used extensively as a material of construction for vital machine components and wear-spot applications in practically every industry.

In the wide range of Kennametal hard carbide compositions you will find high hardness and strength . . . resistance to impact, bending, abrasion, corrosion, and heat. All of these qualities, plus our research and



Note: New uses of refractory materials are being developed in many industries—due to increasing demand for higher temperature applications. The melting points of the basic ingredients used in various products of our company are listed in the chart.

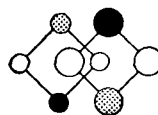
	Melting Points	
	Metal	Carbides
Tungsten	6098°F	5198°F
Tantalum	5425°F	7016°F
Titanium	3272°F	5684°F
Niobium	4379°F	7052°F



development facilities, are available to help translate ideas into products that will combine reliability with long service. Metallurgists, engineers and research people can obtain technical information by writing KENNAMETAL INC., Dept. NR, Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

*Trademark

33510



INDUSTRY AND
KENNAMETAL
...Partners in Progress

The WEEK

● New York Democratic state chairman William McKeon thinks Governor Rockefeller can be defeated if he can be tagged as a Republican. That's a big if.

● Add to the list of prominent American critics of recent UN actions: James F. Byrnes, who belongs to the group in the Roosevelt Administration that first conceived of the UN, and who was appointed by President Truman first Secretary of State and then Supreme Court Justice. "The United Nations of today is not the organization we sponsored in 1945," he now concludes. The addition of 54 member states since its founding has greatly changed its purposes, Mr. Byrnes believes, for while it was founded "to maintain international peace and security," the new Afro-Asian states seem to think its primary purpose is to promote colonial independence. If we are to continue our UN membership, he says, we must enforce "the provision of the charter that prohibits the United Nations from interfering in domestic affairs of a state. We must also place less reliance upon the United Nations and more reliance upon NATO and other regional organizations of our allies pledged to the preservation of the independence of free peoples."

● The President has ordered a reduction in the output of nuclear warheads, which the armed forces now possess by the thousands, for two ostensible reasons: 1) the stockpile is high enough; and 2) some troops might shoot them off accidentally. Knowledgeable comment on both reasons is beyond the ability of most observers, but the President's action is cause for concern because it is taken in the midst of a worldwide "peace" campaign, and because the White House has proven to be more than susceptible to the virus of appeasement. Prudence should impel the Congress to hold hearings (which need not be public) on this latest order, to determine whether it is in the national interest. Such decisions are best not left to one man alone.

● The UN has sent a delegation to Australian New Guinea to prepare the way which the Afro-Asian bloc has illuminated toward independence. But the tribes of New Guinea are being independent. They don't want independence. "We would rather see ourselves eventually become a state of Australia than become a premature unhappy independent nation," said a native cocoa planter. The UN delegation, having interviewed 500 Tolai tribesmen, has found

two who favor independence. That should do it, all right, and the UN troops can "keep the peace" among the 498 on Independence Day.

● Konrad Adenauer kept patiently, sternly quiet as he played his favorite *bocci* on the lawn beside his beloved Italian lake, nourishing his spare, tired frame back to enough vigor to carry him through another bitter political season. But flying (provocatively, said the Communists) to Berlin last week, he knew that the time had come for him to exercise an old man's privilege: to tell the truth. So he told the journalists, and through them the world, why Washington's proposals to admit East Germany to equal voice with the West on governing the Berlin corridors, and to join NATO with the Warsaw Pact nations in a non-aggression pact, had the smell of an appeasement that an old man could not stomach. "Over-all, I consider the entire plan unworkable. There is no point in the United States having any further negotiations about Berlin issues with the Russians." Well and honorably said; may his words find echoes!

● The European Common Market is casting its shadow both east and west. To the east the satellite countries are being forced to reorganize and streamline their productive facilities in order to produce at costs competitive with the lowered internal costs of the Common Market, because the satellites depend on selling some 30 per cent of their exports to the West in order to buy from the West the minimum necessary machinery, industrial raw materials and food. On the other side, the subject of British entry continues to preoccupy the Common Market countries, whose ministers, so far, have been unable to agree on the political terms of Britain's entry: whether the greatly expanded Common Market is to become a federation, or a confederation, or a zone governed by supranational authority. Nevertheless, Prime Minister Macmillan is sufficiently encouraged to call a Commonwealth conference on the subject next September 10. Still farther to the west, President Kennedy can find in the Common Market only a pretext for reaching for enormously increased Executive authority and unnecessarily intricate and direct federal subsidies to industries and individuals. On one thing there is unanimity, both east and west: the Common Market cannot be ignored.

● And here's another report on Geneva and disarmament: "The Geneva Conference is again in session. A great deal of prominence is given to various plans, seemingly aiming at the limitation of armaments. In truth, none of the powers represented in Geneva, except the Soviet Union, has any intention of reducing armaments. . . . It is evident that the delegates to the Geneva Conference, except the Russians,

exert themselves in speechmaking just to hide from the world the war preparations going on behind the scenes." *Soviet Russia Today*, January 1933, p. 2.

● The case of Jozef Gazdowicz (see *NR*, Nov. 4, 1961) has been settled. Gazdowicz, who fought in the Resistance during the Nazi occupation of Poland, and in the anti-Communist camp after 1947, escaped from Poland in 1953 and eventually came to the United States, married, bought a small house, and became the father of two children. Last July the Polish People's Republic sought extradition of Gazdowicz, alleging such crimes as murder, burglary, and robbery, but meaning his anti-Communist activities between 1947 and 1952. Gazdowicz's case went to court before Judge Harold P. Burke, in Rochester, New York. On December 28, 1961, the decision was handed down: extradition denied. *NR* was almost alone in carrying the original story; but should not be alone in rejoicing in the court's decision.

● Land Reform! That's what Latin America needs, said the social planners, and proceeded to write it into the Alliance for Progress. It sounds fine. You take from the rich (dissolute and idle) and give to the poor (worthy and hard-working) and hey presto! another social inequity has been equities. But in much of Latin America—El Salvador and Haiti are two notorious exceptions—the problem is not that there is a scarcity of good farmland but that much fertile land is under-utilized. With less than 5 per cent of Latin America's land area under cultivation, the answer is not to break up the big going plantations where modern agricultural techniques are in use, but to open up new lands for the landless and educate them in modern farm methods. But here the planners run into problems—human problems. Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador, for instance, have tried for years to entice farmers down from rocky plots on the Andean slopes into fertile valleys and flatlands—no go. The Dominican Republic once built a modern farm village only to find in six months' time that most of the model homes had been abandoned—the new owners having moved back to their mud shacks and resumed their primitive farming methods once the novelty had worn off. But these experiments were on the right track. What is needed is not so much land reform, but farmer reform, a program of education which will teach the Latin American peasant not only how to increase productivity, but why he should want to; a lesson in the virtues of a moderate material ambition.

● How one French Algerian feels today, from the testimony of Mme. Albert Camus at the trial of General Jouhaud: "What I would like to say is that one sorrowfully regrets the lack of comprehension

of the people of metropolitan France who seem not to understand what it is to know that one's native land, one's native soil, will cease being French territory. I can bear witness to this myself. I was born a Frenchwoman in Algeria and I thought that I would die a Frenchwoman in Algeria. My deepest desire has always been that all communities in Algeria should rejoice as I did in what appeared to me, it is true, as that privilege: not a material privilege—I've never possessed anything in Algeria—but as a spiritual privilege. Since last year's referendum when I understood that France, the majority of her people, agreed that Algeria should separate itself from France, I have been torn: half Algerian, half French, or, more precisely, as if dispossessed by both countries. I do not recognize the face of one, or of the other because I could never have imagined them separate."

● The latter-day sport of exposing the Fever-Right transcends all boundaries. Writing in the *Toronto Star Weekly*, Mr. C. Knowlton Nash exhibits *originality* ("drawn to the Right because of the frustration of life in a complex world . . . they want to return to the simple 'good old days' . . ."); *insight* ("most . . . Right Wing fanatics are . . . scared silly"); *wit* ("Even the smallest [anti-Communist group] seems to have ample financial support"); *careful observation* ("In public [Robert Welch] works himself up to a fierce, noisy pitch, gesturing, screaming and jumping about the platform"); *horror* ("the anti-Communist extremists at home could complicate U.S. efforts for disarmament or any other negotiations with Russia") and *concern* ("The disease could very well spread"). Indeed, it has already reached Toronto.

● Representative Don Bruce of Indiana placed in the *Congressional Record* (Jan. 25, 1962) a bibliography of about seventy titles of works dealing with Communism and anti-Communist strategy. It is, he says, "the first comprehensive bibliography of this type placed in the *Congressional Record* since the then Senator Richard M. Nixon inserted 'Bibliography on World Communism,' prepared by the American Legion, in 1952." Mr. Bruce's list, in pamphlet form, is available from: Catholic War Veterans, 1411 K Street NW, Washington, D.C.

● Soapy Williams, in Kenya, is reported to have invited the Mau Mau terrorist leader, Jomo Kenyatta, to visit the United States. Kenyatta is as African and as patriotic as Moise Tshombe of Katanga, but Kenyatta has the added distinction of having mauled and murdered countless adults and children in the good fight against the historic allies of the United States. Unlike Tshombe, Kenyatta should have no trouble getting a visa.

JFK, by Default

A little further, now, from the heat of the President's explosion at the steel industry, it is possible to surmise that the captains of American industry collapsed not because they were overwhelmed by force but because they were surprised. Mr. Blough crumbled before he could collect himself. The politically studious had marked, for decades, the gradual accumulations of power in the central administration, and the more gloomy prophets had been saying that power, once collected in unanswerable proportions, will eventually be exercised. So it has. We may now have entered upon a new stage of our development, in which the central administration will function as a principal in every major decision relating to wages, prices, profits, investment, merger, and trade: because we have defaulted.

The enormity of our default can be measured by the President's continuing privilege of sanctuary even while he carries his plans further. On April 30 he addressed the Chamber of Commerce in terms that can only be considered as a denial of reality. He said, barely two weeks after he had cowed the steel industry, that his Administration neither possesses nor seeks power over the economy. He said that this country has an export surplus of \$5 billion, which must be maintained or increased, but ignored the only logical conclusion: that we must reduce our price level, halt inflation, induce investment in more efficient plants, and create incentives for labor and management.

On May 3 the President's emergency board recommended a wage increase for 500,000 non-operating employees of the railroads. This would cost the rails \$100 million a year. The rise is within the limits established by the President's economic advisers: therefore, the President calls it "responsible and non-inflationary."

On May 7 Walter Reuther called for wage increases at a rate above the gain in productivity. The next day, President Kennedy addressed Reuther's United Auto Workers, spoke of wage rates within productivity gains, openly begged for labor's political support, implied that he would not treat labor as unkindly as he had treated Mr. Blough, and praised the UAW for its statesmanship.

In three weeks the President will join in a three-day seminar with several hundred representatives of labor, industry and the public, to establish still more "guidelines" which will, doubtless, become informally binding on all parties. If not, then the FBI, and Grand Juries, and national headlines . . .

So far we have come. Further we need not go. There are fifty million workers who do not belong to labor unions; two or three million corporate ex-



© Punch, Ben Roth

"Put me through to a Kennedy."

ecutives; fifteen million stockholders; and ninety million women, who control the bulk of this country's private property. The vast majority of this country does not wish to live under a centrally-directed economy. If the unorganized should begin to express themselves, they would find they are the controlling voice, and they would suddenly discover politicians to express the responsibility of property and the mandates of liberty.

One of those politicians might even be named John Kennedy. After all, he would not turn up his nose at victory in 1964, even if he had to invoke sound economics and nourish liberty to win an election.

There Goes the Security Program

The Atomic Energy Commission has announced that henceforward every employee will have the right to cross-examine any informant who imputes unreliability or disloyalty to him. This decision has been greeted very gladly by the Liberal press, which has all along missed the point as has, now, the Atomic Energy Commission. A security program is not a civil rights program; it is a security program. Its purpose is not to affirm the rights of individual employees, but to put forward the claims of collective security. It is as foolish to speak about the rights of an individual to his job as superior to the requirements of security, as it is to speak of the rights of the soldier as superior to the demands of an order on the battlefield. It has not been suggested by any sane man that a government employee be prosecuted, or fined, or imprisoned on the basis of evidence taken from a secret informer; rather that, if the relevant security officials have confidence in the informant, the employee be quietly dropped from government service, or at least removed to a non-sensitive post.

There happen to be men who will agree to give

evidence against an individual privately, but will not agree (sometimes for the best of reasons) to do so publicly. There are any number of men who have, for instance, reported to the Federal Bureau of Investigation the names of men they knew to be secret members of the Communist Party, but who flatly refuse to make their charge publicly, or even in a face-to-face session with the government employee. Thus it was, for instance, with Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss for years. There is, in addition, the secret informant who is an FBI agent. If the agent is required to reveal himself for a security hearing, there follows the collapse of an intricately devised imposture.

When there are reasonable doubts about an employee's reliability or loyalty, they should be resolved in favor of the government. That proposition, which is the central plank of any realistic internal security policy, is explicitly challenged by, above all things, an agency that handles our atomic secrets.

Crowded Darkness

One nation only excepted, no substantial sector of public opinion anywhere has yet chosen to recognize, much less solve, the world's second most serious problem. In direct and imminent threat, nuclear warfare must no doubt be rated first. By careful statistics and reasoned analysis, the newly published report by the Center for International Economic Growth confirms that the problem of population growth comes just behind, even for the short term, and for the long is almost surely dominant.

The crucial statistics, within sufficient limits of accuracy, are not in dispute. Because of the new drugs, insecticides and methods of hygiene, *the rate of world population growth has doubled since the end of the Second World War*, advancing from 1 to 2 per cent, and still heading up. Even at the present 2 per cent, the present 3 billion world population will double within 35 years.

But the rate is not evenly distributed. It is greatest in the underdeveloped lands, containing 2 of the world's 3 billions, of Africa and Asia, highest of all in tropical Latin America. In these regions it goes as high as 4 per cent—which means a doubling of population within less than two decades. Even in the United States, the Soviet Union, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, the rate is high enough to bring close to a doubling in a generation.

These are the undisputed facts; and among the informed there is little dispute, either, about their social consequences. Some of these are discussed in the introduction to this CIEG report by Eugene R. Black, President of the World Bank. Mr. Black ex-

For the Record

Ralph Bunche trial balloon taking off. New York Democrats think he's the strongest senatorial candidate they could put in field against Jacob Javits; are bringing pressure on him to run. . . . GOP insiders say Rockefeller, still angry that Javits refused to run against Mayor Wagner last year, wouldn't mind having Javits face strong opponent: it might make Rockefeller's showing in November stand out in contrast. . . . Texas Observer had predicted GOP turnout in last week's primary would be between 50,000 (conservative minimum) to 90,000 (optimistic maximum). Republican gubernatorial candidate Jack Cox polled over 100,000 himself. . . . Today's outlook: Connally over Yarborough in run-off; Connally over Cox in November. . . . Joe Shell campaign in California (he's opposing Richard Nixon in next month's Republican primary) catching fire. His backers believe if they can get the money they have good chance of beating Nixon. . . . Las Vegas odds are reported to be 7-to-1 Gov. Pat Brown over Nixon, but even-Steven on Brown-Shell.

Biggest mail in months hitting the Senate: majority of it opposes clauses in House-passed tax bill for withholding tax on interest and dividends. . . . Senate Judiciary Committee has redefined the term "organize," as used in Smith Act, to close loophole opened by Supreme Court's 1957 decision (Yates) reversing conviction of 14 Communist leaders. . . . A Democratic club in Lakewood, Calif., last week resigned en masse rather than take oath not to contradict "the expressed positions of elected Democratic officials"—and joined the GOP.

Casualties in South Vietnam fighting since start of year total more than 16,000: roughly two-thirds inflicted on the Communist Vietcong. . . . General economic slowdown in Algeria has not hit one sector of economy: movers and packers report they're doing land-office business. . . . In Russia, three men have been condemned to death for economic crimes: the fraudulent sale of first-class apples. . . . The Dominican Republic has a new crime: to praise the Trujillo family in writing, speech or drawing is now punishable under law.

plains, for example, that a continuation of this growth rate makes absolutely impossible any and all plans for the improvement of the lot of the majority of mankind. No conceivable amount of foreign aid from the advanced nations could even keep up with the population expansion. On the contrary, the standard of living of the masses in Asia, Africa and Latin America must necessarily decline; they must suffer more, not less, hunger, malnutrition and misery.

But the advanced nations with high population growth rates, like the United States, cannot long escape the effects of the same trend: our average standard of living, housing, health, must also decline if the expansion continues unchecked. And the effects cannot be confined to personal and economic factors. "Population pressures on [food], land, living space and frontiers" will continuously mount. As a result, "increasing violence and war are in prospect. There can be little prospect of peace or world order so long as present rates of population increase persist. . . . There must be either a decrease in birth rates or an increase in death rates."

Such is the problem. It has been looming ever since the advent of modern medicine and technology three hundred years ago, but it now suddenly thrusts forward—as the statistics show—into an altogether new dimension. No answer acceptable to a sufficient portion of mankind is yet known. It will most certainly not become known unless the problem is faced and the answer sought. Ingrained customs, deep instincts, profound moral questions, traditional religious beliefs, powerful interests, political expediency have all united to block even the search for a solution, even the mere awareness that a solution is required if the predictable consequences are not to follow.

One nation has indeed shown that some sort of solution is possible, whether or not its particular solution is generally acceptable or feasible. Postwar Japan has by voluntary means not merely escaped the population explosion but actually reduced its growth rate from 2 to a presumably viable 1 per cent; and moreover, has found the means for doing so without outrage to accepted notions of Japanese morality.

The CIEG report quotes a proposal by Dr. John Rock, Clinical Professor Emeritus of Harvard, and a Catholic, that the President should sponsor a conference on the population problem among relevantly trained scientists, public health experts, and leaders of the various religious faiths, to seek a consensus on this country's public policy on this irrepressible issue. As a small first step, we may all rightly urge that it be taken. But this issue cannot be put in the unmatched hands of government. It goes outside the limits of institutions, as of tendencies. On this, all of us—Liberals and conservatives alike, Catholic or

Protestant, Jew and Moslem and Hindu and Buddhist, should work, and pray, for light.

Colonel Bunche Rides Again

We had occasion in the last issue to call attention to some of Dr. Bunche's enormities in connection with his effort to distract attention from the true record of the United Nations' role in Katanga. What he did [see NR, May 8] was to tell a series of bald lies about the report Professor Ernest van den Haag prepared for the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters. Instead of apologizing for these lies and distortions, which we pointed out to him in our own patient way, the Honorable Bunche has replied exactly as a Communist would—who was the fascist who asked the question about slave camps in Siberia? Quoth he to a convention of the United Auto Workers: "NATIONAL REVIEW is [in a class with] Soldiers of the Cross [we don't know what Soldiers of the Cross is, but anything Cross-like is, of course, fascist] . . . its writers are know-nothings, members of the lunatic fringe."

It had been our intention to leave Dr. Bunche alone, having dismissed him as, essentially, a UN mercenary, a man with an undistinguished mind and rather bad personal manners. It becomes necessary under the circumstances—he is also being boomed for senator from New York—to go on just a little bit further, and say that Mr. Bunche's judgment is very poor indeed, and that this should be kept in mind in evaluating his assessments of the tangled affairs of our disintegrating world. For instance, during the thirties he was, to use very plain language, a Marxist; indeed, a contributing editor to *Science and Society*, which admitted to being a Marxist quarterly, and was in fact a Communist operation. Okay, lots of people were Marxists in the thirties. Only lots of people learned, but Dr. Bunche has not outgrown the totalist character of Marx's approach. In those days everything was to be solved by the application of Marxist dogma. Now everything is to be solved by the application of the internationalist dogma. Then anyone who disagreed was a fascist and a reactionary. Now anyone who disagrees is a right-extremist, a know-nothing, a member of the lunatic fringe. Dr. Bunche just isn't very good on people, and is notoriously one of the easiest marks for any ideological confidence man in town.

A few years ago they finally succeeded in weeding out of the UN an official (Jack Sargent Harris) who refused to say whether he was a Communist, and who had been employed there at the special request of Ralph Bunche. A couple of years before, Dr. Bunche wrote a moving letter to a longtime friend accused of being a Communist. Bunche was

"stunned by this utterly shameless attempt to smear your good name. Though you have been grievously wronged, I have full confidence in your complete vindication." But Alger Hiss went to prison. Bunche did not apologize to Whittaker Chambers. So it goes.

A distinguished scholar, perhaps among the half dozen most renowned men in American academic letters, called us last week to approve our nailing down Dr. Bunche's distortions of the Katanga Report. He added: "But it's no use. Bunche is invulnerable, for one very simple reason: He's a Negro, and you can't touch him." Well, us know-nothings are willing to treat him like a white man, which is why we pause to pay him our compliments.

Discorps

Mrs. Janie Fletcher, 65, says she was fired from the Peace Corps because she wasn't able to swim fully clothed with her feet tied, run a mile before breakfast, or swing, without falling, from a rope on a GI-type obstacle course. Sargent Shriver says it isn't so. Assuming he is wrong, Mrs. Fletcher's travail reflects the inflexibility of bureaucracies and bureaucrats—all of them, not the Peace Corps alone.

If the Peace Corps decides, as it did in the case of Mrs. Fletcher and a few other volunteers, to tap the tremendous reservoir of training and experience that thousands of Americans approaching or past the retirement age have to offer, then it should balance off the qualities they have to give—professional competence, job experience, maturity—against an obvious physical deterioration. Mrs. Fletcher should never have been sent to the jungle camp with the other trainees in their twenties. But she had as much, and probably more, to offer to the Peace Corps than they had, and if the reason she was disqualified was that she couldn't make like Tarzan, then acrobatic proficiency should be eliminated as a physical requirement for Peacecorpsmen of a certain age.

How Wrong Must You Be?

On Sunday, May 7, W. Averell Harriman, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, was interviewed by Senator Kenneth B. Keating on the TV program, *Let's Look at Congress*. Mr. Harriman unconditionally defended—as he has from the beginning—the Administration's program calling for a united front regime of Communists, neutralists and pro-Westerners as the solution to Laos' troubles. In that way, Mr. Harriman declared, Laos could be kept at peace and neutralized. The Communists "would like to see that area kept neutralized" because "it's not an attractive piece of real estate and

Laos has only about two million people." He further endorsed the accepted State Department belief that the Russians need a neutral, peaceful Laos because they "want to keep the Chinese out."

(It was Mr. Harriman who cut off U.S. subsidies to the present Laotian government three months ago, in order to force the pro-Western Laotians to accept a coalition government in which Communist nominees would occupy the ministries of war and security, and who has been conducting a continuous campaign of political pressure ever since.)

On *Meet the Press* that same day, Walt Whitman Rostow, chief of the State Department's Policy Planning Board, made the same analysis and defended the same policy. "A neutral [united front] government" is "the best bet" for Laos.

The following day, May 8, the Communists made their comment, after their fashion, on the analysis, recommendations and predictions of these two officials charged with responsibility for what we are doing in Southeast Asia. The Communist reply was made, however, not over TV but in the field, in the key strategic town of Nam Tha. Nam Tha, under Communist siege for some while, was overrun by a massive attack launched by a combined force, estimated at four battalions or more, of Laotian Communists (Pathet Lao), North Vietnamese and Red Chinese—supplied in part, as usual, by Russian planes.

Notes and Asides

Again this fall our European correspondent, Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, will lecture in the United States. He will be on the East Coast in early October, in the Middle West from mid-October to mid-November, and on the West Coast for the balance of November. He is equipped to lecture on everything from aardvarks to zymurgy, and will be glad to talk to groups in German, Russian, French, Spanish, Italian, or Japanese. By special arrangement, he will learn any other language. However, for this he needs two weeks' notice. Inquiries should be addressed to Herr Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, World's Foremost Authority, Lans, Tyrol, Austria. Seriously: Kuehnelt-Leddihn is among the two or three most stimulating lecturers in the world. Don't pass up an opportunity to hear him.

We have received letters from readers asking whether NATIONAL REVIEW will publish the syndicated columns of Wm. F. Buckley Jr. Answer: Yes, as a general rule, we will publish the column by Mr. Buckley, provided it meets NATIONAL REVIEW's high standards. But NATIONAL REVIEW magazine is a fortnightly, and so, in any case, can publish only alternate columns.

Forrest Davis, RIP

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Forrest Davis died last week, and the newspapers duly reported the passing of one of the great journalists of his generation. The obituaries, however, barely touched on the attainments that remained so vivid to his friends. To Senator Karl Mundt, he was the great crusader. To General Albert Wedemeyer, who had traveled with him in support of the Taft Presidential aspirations in 1952, he was the man who had tried to keep the Republican Party from committing suicide. To Willard Edwards of the *Chicago Tribune*, he was, even to the last Washington column he had done for his paper, the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, the newspaperman who refused to take a handout for granted. To Alex Hillman, who had known him for forty years, he was the epitome of the best in four distinct historical periods of journalism, ending with the mellow commentary of his last years as a Washington columnist. And to the Rev. Dr. Edward L. R. Elson of the National Presbyterian Church in Washington, who had come to know him at the end of his days, he was a "roguish saint," a P. K. (for preacher's kid) who had returned to the fold after far wanderings that, if the symbolism of Forrest's life be properly understood, had never been wanderings at all.

My own memories of Forrest, which date back to the days of the Scopes trial in the early twenties, are tumultuous and vivid for all that there were gaps when I lost touch with him entirely. He was courtly and genial, possessed of a wit that masked its bite in a true elegance of expression, a man of fantastic loyalties to his friends. He liked to call himself a Tory. That was part of his romanticism; in actuality, he was a Madisonian American whose cosmopolitanism derived from the freemasonry of the frontier. He associated himself with the management of several publications, but he was never management's man.

Forrest, as the *Saturday Post's* man in wartime Washington, liked Franklin Roosevelt, and Franklin

Roosevelt liked him. It was a matter of aristocratic empathy on both sides. Yet even when our four-term President was choosing Forrest as the journalistic recipient for favored disclosures about the "great design" of bringing the anti-Christian Joe Stalin into a postwar comity of victors, Forrest clearly saw the inward nature of the world conflict. Indeed, he had



seen it long before in the thirties, when he was busy acquiring the historical and philosophical background for writing that most delightful of diplomatic studies, *The Atlantic System*. No churchgoer in spite of (or perhaps because of) his upbringing in a preacher's household, Forrest was nevertheless convinced long before most of his friends that the Christian "West" was different. It could no more maintain a permanent entente with Communism than it could with Nazism, for its conception of the nature of man as superior to the State and accountable for basic rights to a Creator must make any long-term concord in foreign policies impossible. In standing the Spenglerian thesis about the West on its head, Forrest remained a "symbolic" Christian. He was even then the "roguish saint," an American Chesterton or Belloc who associated himself in romantic comradeship with the Christian soldiers who had fought the infidel Turk at Lepanto or at the walls of Vienna.

To Forrest all women were beautiful. Yet he was fiercely bound to his Tony, who, before her death last

autumn, humorously described her thirty-year struggle to housebreak a man who "never had any money but always insisted on staying at the best clubs and eating the most tender steak."

In practical matters Forrest was a child; he would leave a good job for the wildest of free lance adventures if he felt that he was being in any way fenced in. He admired the late Senator Robert Taft, and was his adviser for many years—yet he deplored the Senator's "statistical" cast of mind, and frequently urged the "image" of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster on the modern politico. He liked to fancy himself in Clay's position as the master of a farm whose ample fields were dotted with fine cattle and horses. But Tony Davis, though an indefatigable and shrewd parlayer of Washington real estate values, could never "manage" her husband's finances into the possession of that farm. She couldn't even keep him from giving away his writing. Forrest liked Senator McCarthy, not because he thought McCarthy had any talent for close analysis, but because the Bad Boy from Wisconsin was a Quixotic fighter. In a Quixotic moment of his own Forrest made a present to McCarthy of a manuscript he had written on General Marshall's "retreat from victory"; the Senator promised to make strategic use of it. McCarthy promptly led with his chin by turning it into a speech in which he interpolated criticism of Marshall's motives where Forrest had stuck scrupulously to the diplomatic record. The diplomatic scholar in Forrest moaned to himself—but the Davis who always remained loyal to his friends never complained publicly about what had been done to his original document.

Forrest liked to argue theological matters with his friends Larry Brown and Brent Bozell. Last December he dashed off a Christmas card in his own hand to the Reverend Dr. Elson. "I came to the conclusion," he wrote in part, "that I wish to stand again and be counted in the church of my fathers. I agree with Pasternak that with Christ man ceased to live in nature and began to live in history; that Christ is history and the sign of our redemption. If that is theology

(Continued on p. 386)

The Voice of Sir Charles

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Q. Could you imagine yourself living happily in a Communist society?

A. I think so.

Q. If you had to, if somebody said you've got to live in America or live in Russia for the rest of your days, I mean supposing it so happened, which would you choose?

A. Well, that is very difficult. . . I think, to be honest, I could be happy in either of them.

The voice you have just heard is not that of an IBM machine, which



Buckley

might be equally happy living in Russia or the United States, but C. P. Snow's, transcribed and published in the February *Encounter*, an English-American monthly. (Sir Charles was recently accused by an Oxford professor of writing

novels which read as though they had been written by an electronic brain.)

During the last couple of years, C. P. Snow got himself an enormous reputation in England, which means, derivatively, a sizable reputation with the American intelligentsia, primarily as the result of having elaborated the thesis that what's wrong with the world is mainly due to the hostile symbiosis of our "two cultures," the humanistic and the scientific. This is the scientific age, and science should be crowned.

Sir Charles' complaint became the talk-talk of the highbrow set, and Snow, who was originally trained as a scientist, was paid a dizzying amount of attention, which spilled over on his novels, making them best-sellers. In very short order he was certified, on both sides of the Atlantic, and as a matter of fact on both sides of the Iron Curtain, as a seer. He came over to New York a year or so ago and pronounced at a banquet that it is a

scientific certitude that before ten years have gone by an international accident will set off a nuclear war, unless we have disarmament. His words, which of course were the words of a fetishist, not a scientist, were received with much awe, and Sir Charles' reputation rose even higher.

Now, finally, it has been challenged on one flank, by a crusty Oxford don, F. H. Leavis, who has moved in on Snow the novelist ("as a novelist, C. P. Snow doesn't begin to exist"), and Leavis has a reputation in the literary world for always getting his man. I don't know what Lloyds of London is quoting on the survival of Sir Charles' literary reputation, but the odds are very different from what they were.

But Sir Charles, as we can see, needs more than a literary going over. What he has been preaching is that final effrontery of relativism: that in the last analysis, there simply aren't any essential differences between the two contending parties in our great war with Communism.

"Mind you," says Snow, "I'm not really a political man, except in a sort of world context. That is, I am strongly for the poor."

Mr. Snow is asked if he thinks something can be done about the world's poverty. "It's perfectly within man's power to correct it, if only Russia and America would stop quarreling," is Mr. Snow's reply.

Would he agree, the interviewer goes on, "that these two regimes, which are normally accepted as representing two opposites, on examination, have enormous points in common"? Snow: "Oh, anyone who has lived in these two countries knows that."

England is the land of eccentrics, but C. P. Snow is not considered one of them, to be laughed at amiably every Sunday afternoon at Hyde Park, as he shakes his little fist at the massive walls of England's Establishment. Snow's views on the nature of our

"quarrel" with Communism are held widely, by intellectuals all over the world; and Snow was telling the interviewer what many English intellectuals truly believe. Snow's disease, which so far relieves one of one's vision as to blur into insignificance the differences between life in America and in Russia, seems to strike only at people who are commonly considered to be very cosmopolitan in their outlook; but even so, the disease rages and in America it is the conservative community that seems to be especially afraid of its ravages.

Here is C. P. Snow, world oracle, the beautiful son of the marriage of science and the humanities, preaching this kind of thing, and moving easily in the circles of the English and American elite, where a McCarthyite would be treated as a leper. When indignation meetings storm the country in protest against the sending of jet fighters to Yugoslavia, we hear more than the voice of tactical dissent, we hear the tones of moral outrage, to which, increasingly, the world is growing deaf.

What many Americans who have been denounced as extremists are feeling is a sense that our leaders and our intellectuals are draining the moral content out of our struggle against Communism, that the visits to Geneva, the cultural exchanges, the Spirits of Camp David, the vodka parties, the standing ovations for Khrushchev in Chicago, White House invitations to Linus Pauling, that all these are steps on the road to C. P. Snow.

These Americans have a feeling that they are slowly being swindled out of their moral birthrights. They are less afraid of an increase in genetic mutations caused by radioactivity in the atmosphere than they are of an increase in moral idiocy caused by the predominance of a point of view. The symbol of that point of view is the voice of C. P. Snow, secure in a BBC studio, informing a subject people whose martyrs are slaughtered every day on their stomachs, stopped by machine gun bullets from crawling on their hands and knees to the West—the voice of Sir Charles telling them that they should not have troubled themselves, since the West is no different from what they are fleeing from, dying of. The voice of the machine, in the age of Science.

From Washington Straight

CATO

The Kennedy Administration, still trying to shake off the incubus of *The Liberal Papers*, has had to trim sail and batten hatches to meet the squall moving in from the south. The star of this show is a Liberal Texan with the folksy name of Billie Sol Estes.

For several months now Southwestern newspapers have been having themselves a time with this gentleman. Billie Sol Estes is (or rather, was, since his wheeler-dealer days seem to be over at this point) the perfect model of that increasing new breed, the Welfare State Ponzi. In a series of highly complicated financial maneuverings, Estes managed to build a paper empire out of cotton allotments and the storage of government-owned grain.

The story goes something like this: Estes was in the business of selling anhydrous ammonia fertilizer. To gain a monopoly in the field he took to selling his fertilizer for 40 to 50 per cent of what he paid for it.

Now one can keep on doing this sort of thing for just so long before the day of reckoning. For Estes it came late in 1958 when he found that he owed his main supplier, Commercial Solvents Corp., half a million dollars. He went to New York and negotiated a loan from Commercial Solvents for \$900,000. Presumably \$500,000 of this covered his outstanding obligation to Commercial Solvents. With the remaining \$400,000 Estes made a down-payment on United Elevators, a grain storage firm with a 54 million bushel capacity.

Through his contacts in left-wing Democratic circles, Estes obtained grain storage contracts with the Agriculture Department. In March 1959 he assigned all revenues from the storage operation to Commercial Solvents. According to stories in Texas newspapers, Commercial Sol-

vents reaped \$8 million from this source in the following three years.

Estes also got his hands on the Superior Manufacturing Co. of Amarillo, Texas, which manufactures liquid fertilizer storage tanks. He now began to approach farmers with this proposition: If the farmers would sign mortgages for the purchase of non-existent storage tanks from Estes he would fork over 10 per cent of the mortgage money to them, take the rest for himself and then rent the storage tanks from the farmers for an amount equal to the monthly mortgage payments. Only in very rare instances were real storage tanks actually involved. According to some reports, Estes kited some \$22 million worth of this kind of paper.

In making these deals, Estes benefited apparently from his political connections and this, of course, is where the political dynamite lies. He managed, for instance, to get favored treatment in the matter of posting bonds for government-owned grain stored in his elevators. His bond was set at about \$2 for every \$10 required by the government from most other storage operations. An order issued when the Kennedy Administration took over, increasing his bond from \$700,000 to \$1 million was, somehow, rescinded. (Since his indictment in March the Agriculture Department has demanded a \$10 million bond.)

What makes this important politically is that Billie Sol Estes claims friendship, political and personal, with Lyndon Johnson, Liberal Senator Ralph Yarborough, a passel of congressmen and Agriculture officials and most of the Liberal wing of the Texas Democratic Party. He has been lavish in handing out gifts and even more lavish in his contributions to the Democratic Party, *vide* the \$4,000 he put out at two \$100-a-plate dinners.

Investigations by those peculiar Texas institutions, "Courts of Inquiry" turned up these statements: a claim by Estes that his Washington payoffs ran from \$100,000 to \$200,000 a year. A claim that he contributed \$100,000 per year to the Democratic Party (he

is given to waving a gold-laminated card to prove it). And a claim that he could get an FBI investigation stopped by calling Vice President Johnson. (Two days after he made the claim the FBI arrested him.)

The Billie Sol Estes case was actually broken by Texas newspapers. Washington sources had been given the word to "lay off." But the Joint House-Senate Republican Leadership Conference paid no attention to the word and last week, at the Ev & Charlie Show, they let loose a well-publicized blast calling for a thorough investigation.

Sources close to the GOP leadership say that only the surface has been scratched, and that the Estes case is going to be as big a scandal for the Kennedy Administration as any Harry Truman fielded during his years in the White House.

Congress has returned from its ten-day Easter recess, tanned and relaxed. Most returning congressmen noted little change in the attitudes of the home town voters. President Kennedy still is plenty popular, they say, but, they add, it seems to be an apathetic popularity. "Oh, he's all right, I guess" is the way most of the folks back home put it.

Republicans think this augurs well for the November elections. They are even cautiously predicting that the Republicans can get control of the House if nothing happens to jolt Democrats out of their present apathy.

For the first time in years the GOP is beginning to take the mechanical aspects of politics seriously. All sorts of precinct education programs are now underway, and they appear to be getting results, with well-schooled precinct workers on the increase all over the nation.

House and Senate groups, and the GOP National Committee, are now closely coordinating their efforts (*The Liberal Papers* episode was the first fruit of this venture and there are more such operations in the works, including a full-scale effort on the Billie Sol Estes case). Present plans call for a concentrated campaign to chip away at JFK's popularity.

Most encouraging sign of all, though, is the total lack of overconfidence—the Republicans are going to run scared this time, say their leaders, right up to November.



Cato

The Sociology of the Carpool

What Kinsey did for sex, Dr. Spock for babies,
Mrs. Heath does for the Carpool. We publish
the first authoritative guide to its hows, whys,
dos and don'ts — by One Who Has Suffered

ALOISE B. HEATH

The average mother of private-school children drives 191.7 miles a week.

Her average drive covers a distance of 4.9 miles.

She gets in and out of the car 191.7 divided by 4.9 multiplied by 2 times a week, which I am too tired to work out right now.

Her hips are 2.3 inches broader than those of the average mother of public-school children.

She may easily drop dead in the flower of her early middle forties.

These statistics have been privately compiled.

The main difference between private and public schools is not what you think (though they are that, to be sure; and getting more so every year); it is that public-school children are taken to school and brought home by bus instead of Mother.

Public-school children are also taken to Afternoons with Mark Twain by Hal Holcomb, to Band, to dental check-ups, Driver Education, eye examinations, opera dress-rehearsals, Manual Training, movies, museums, music lessons, puppet shows, sewing, singing, symphony concerts, tutoring, and typing, which are curriculum enrichments, by bus; except when the bus brings the enrichments to the enriches.

Private-school children, who have been sitting at their desks all this time doing divisions, are enriched after school at places their mothers drive them to and drive them back from.

(This is not necessary; it is because women don't like their children to run around whistling *Chopsticks* through gaps in their green teeth while every other child on the street is trilling *La Donna è Mobile* through braces. In Italian.)

What this can mean for the mother of a basic family of five is a daily

driving schedule such as 8 a.m.—Jim and John to Kingswood; 8:15—Pam and Priscilla to Renbrook; 8:45—Timothy to St. Joseph's Nursery School; 12 m.—pick up Timothy; 3 p.m.—pick up Priscilla; 4:30—pick up John; 4:40—pick up Pam; 5:30—pick up Jim.

Catechism is on Monday from 3:45 to 4:45. On Tuesday Priscilla goes to dancing-school from 4:30 to 5:30 and Pam has a piano lesson from 5 to 6. Wednesday is the day Timothy goes back to school from 2 to 4 for Nature, and John has his braces checked. It is also the day Jim plays in a Kingswood "game." If the game is away, you pick him up whenever he gets back to school. If it is a home game you have to go and watch him. He gets off the bench three times: once while you're picking up Timothy, once while you're picking up Pam and once while you're at the dentist with John. On Wednesday Pam goes to dancing-school from 7 to 8:30.

Well! I'm sure you're as anxious not to read about the rest of this week as I am not to write about it, and I don't blame you: there's not a word of truth in the last two paragraphs. Actually, you drive Jim's schedule every fourth week, Pam's every seventh week, John's and Priscilla's every Friday and Timothy's on alternate Tuesday and Thursdays—all because of a magnificent institution called the *Carpool* (and I was beginning to think I'd never get to it, weren't you?).

The carpool is one of the ten most important institutions of this century; that is why it is one word, not two, which Webster's New Interplanetary will confirm.¹ No woman in her right mind would send her children to a

private school if she had to do all that driving, and if she weren't her housekeeper wouldn't do all that driving either. What it boils down to, as you can easily see—or you can if you concentrate—is that without carpools, private schools would cease to exist, public schools would be in a state of pandemonium, what with having to take in all those private-school children; and that this nation would have to appraise candidly the possibility of the Central Congolese getting to Mars before us. That is why the carpool is one of our ten most important institutions, which you didn't believe the first time I told you.

Carpools are undemocratic, exclusive, authoritarian and efficient. They are composed of reliable, prompt, emotionally stable women with loud voices, and of women who pretend that they are too, with loud voices.

Mental Stress

The kind of pool which involves the least mileage and the most mental stress is formed by women who watch birth announcements for six months before and after their own babies are born, and who have the conveniently located candidates for St. Joseph's Nursery School spotted and signed up before they're a year old. Participating members are annually re-invited, and losses to other schools or to fathers who have been transferred to Cincinnati are annually replenished—usually no later than April of the preceding year. Typed schedules are circulated early in August, and are not alphabetical but fair: if Brown gets a short week at Thanksgiving, Washington's Birthday is assigned to Whitmore; and no member has an extra tour of duty just because there are 37 weeks in the

1. Sorry, we used obsolete spelling on the cover of this issue, which had to be OK'd for press before Mrs. Heath's article—understandably tardy—was received. —ED.

school year, six women in the carpool and she married a man called Aabijian.

In any neighborhood, this is the carpool which has the firmest hold on the most mothers of the fewest children in the smallest area—and if you don't mind phoning Stevie Shipley's mother twice a week to find out if he ever did pass his entrance exams for Pomfret, you may be the first on the waiting list for his place in next year's pool. However, unless you know for a fact that no one else is checking with Mrs. Shipley four times a week, you might as well look around a little.

Decision at Dawn

A carpool, after all, has only one *raison d'être*: to drive as seldom as is necessary to get your own child to school and back every day. Simple as this sounds, it can involve the most intricate mathematical calculations—the less you want to drive, of course, the more intricately do you mathematically calculate.

Is your problem a fourth-grader, for instance? Then a cursory glance at the average height and weight chart in the 1962 Almanac will prove to you that fourteen grammar-school children are physically crammable into one stationwagon. Unless you are paying attention you will not learn that the Sixth Grade girls will tell you all year long how “squeezed” they are; and that they are also bigger than the Almanac admits and than you. What you have to decide—before, not after the pool begins—is how you really and truly feel about Sixth Grade girls. (Are you emotionally stable? Can you pretend you

are?) Should you settle for twelve children and peace and quiet or should you hold out for fourteen and listen to *remarks* all year?

Well; which can you bear least: Sixth Grade girls or driving?

Don't underestimate the importance of finding out.

Now that you have decided on a twelve-child pool, you have to proceed to the consideration of the relative advantages of carpooling with large or small families. If you join the twelve children of five mothers you'll draw every fifth turn, but you won't have so many stops to make or so far to drive between them. If, on the other hand, you comb the state for the twelve children of twelve mothers, you will only drive one-twelfth of the time, but it will be all over God's green earth. You'll have to start out by seven at the very latest, you realize, and what with all the traffic in the afternoon you'll be lucky to get home by five. What you have to decide right now is whether you're the sort of person who operates best under conditions of mild unhappiness every fifth week or of acute misery every twelfth week. And what about the eleventh week . . . could you keep from brooding . . . brooding . . . ?

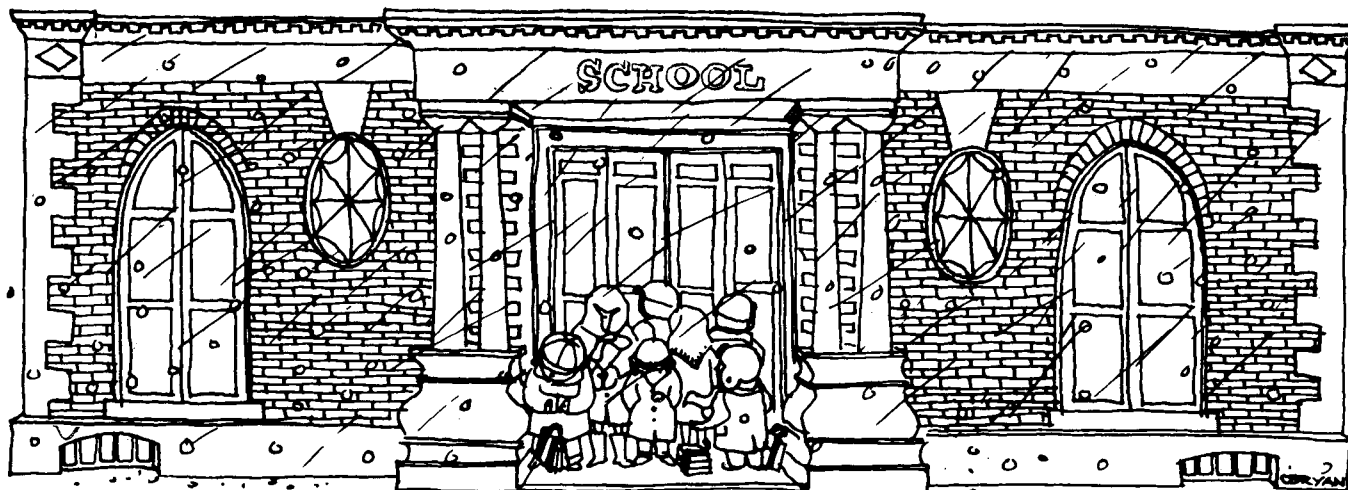
Once you have decided on the five-mother pool you will realize that it has still another advantage: it is much the easiest to remember if you're sensible enough to organize it by days. You simply gear yourself to driving every Friday of the foreseeable future. That's not too hard—mentally, I mean—is it? (Incidentally, when I say Friday, that's what I mean. Friday gives you the day after Thanksgiving, Good Friday, the first day of Christmas and spring vaca-

tion and, four years out of seven, Washington's Birthday and Memorial Day. Actually, I've had a good deal of luck with “no-school” snowstorms on Fridays, but that *could* be coincidence.)

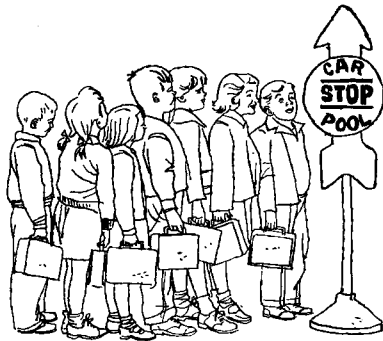
More or fewer than five mothers should not organize a pool on a daily basis if they have me in it. I only mention me because my name is Legion. Last year I was in a four-man pool in which each of us drove one day a week plus one extra day every fourth week. My extra day occurred—psychologically, you understand; not chronologically—at such erratically varying intervals that I spent the better part of the year calling for boys when I wasn't supposed to or going back to bed with the coffee-pot when I was. It is not the sidelong glances that you get right here when that happens; it is the difficulty of keeping your pajamas from slipping back down your ankles while you assure Peter that of *course* you didn't forget—you were just getting into the car when he phoned; or of persuading Mark that you knew all along it was Mrs. Driscoll's turn: you happened to be out driving and you thought he might like a lift. (Actually, I sometimes wonder whether that group didn't *suspect*. I mean, doesn't it seem a little funny that every one of those boys got a car for his sixteenth birthday?)

A Round of Awful-awfuls

When you have several different carpools—as who hasn't?—overlaps can pose some pretty sticky problems to those who have forgotten to anticipate them. You can only get away once with not being able to



imagine why all those taxis you ordered didn't turn up. After that your line has to be that you think it's just a blast to pick up six boys, five lacrosse sticks and a left-over pair of skis at Kingswood and hurtle across



town fast enough to collect the seven Renbrook girls only fifteen minutes late. "It's just like playing *Sardines*, isn't it?" you cry gaily all the way home. The silence remains stony, but at least they can't tell their mothers Mrs. Heath forgot again.

A lateness of over half an hour, though, especially in the winter time, when you drive up to find your little group huddled and forlorn in the bleak darkness of an empty school-yard, is heartbreaking. There's nothing you wouldn't do to make it up to them—like a stop at the Friendly for a round of Awful-awfuls. Awful-awfuls cost fifty cents apiece, it turns out, and by the time the children have finished them and you have paid for them, they may think you're not so bad after all, but you think you're worse.

The more usual purpose of treats is not the propitiation of children but the ensurance of their good behavior. In September, treats are almost always graham crackers or ginger snaps, but they tend to become more and more elaborate as the year wears on and every woman hears of the absolutely yummy things she is the only mother who never brings. (A carpool which has reached the chocolate eclair stage by Christmas, on the other hand, has clearly lost its head.) It is important to observe the rules of common sense in this quest for yumminess: the woman who brings fudgsicles to her three o'clock the day she has the 4:30 dancing-school pool will have to wash out the entire inside of the car with soap and water between 3:30 and 4 and will have

only herself to curse. Another good rule is never to bring bottles of soda pop and straws to an all-boy pool—not even on the hottest day—because they suck the soda up into the straws and squirt it at passing cars. This is the kind of thing you need your loud voice for.

On the whole, though, it's best not to pay too much attention to what goes on in the back seat—unless they're squirting soda pop at you, of course. In that case you simply roar: "Roger Davis, would you like to walk the rest of the way home?" (the time he said "Yes," though, and I made him get out in the middle of the snowstorm, I honestly did not know he had a fractured ankle until I saw the crutch sticking out of the snow-bank where the other boys had thrown it). If they start throwing books at each other, it is best to park the car on the side of the road and exhibit emotional stability until they've stopped. Even this is unnecessary if the books are being

thrown by Fourth, Fifth or Sixth Form boys. Their aim is invariably excellent, and you are in no danger whatsoever.

Occasionally there may be stationed on one of your carpool routes a policeman who does not like it when a child sticks his head out of the car and shouts: "What's old pennies made of?" and all the others shriek "*Dirty Copper!*" At least he doesn't like it twice a day for nine months of the year, which is when the children like it. If this should be the case, humor him. I myself find that the easiest thing to do is to work out a detour around him, though I understand some mothers make the children stop it.

But what fun it all is, actually—these hours we spend in the midst of lively, eager children, with their innocence, their gaiety, the sudden, short-lived tears. . . . Ask any woman; nothing, nothing but a chauffeur could part us from our carpools.

Profile in Lèse-Majesté

(In which is suggested how the Bard of Avon might have ghost-written a peroration for one of his most appreciative patrons¹)

SCENE: Twelve times the iron voice of midnight. A darkened stage. One mansion's dimlit halls reveal the shadow of a man muttering oaths to the walls. He is perplexed in the extreme. He speaks with a certain accent.

SOLILOQUY: How full of briars is this tedious world! I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched! My country hath several tongues a-wagging and every tongue brings a several tale, and every tale condemns me for a villain! Me, indeed the first politician in the land; me, forsooth, the prettiest phrasemaker to tread the boards in a hundred years! Ah, the ingrates! Marry, methinks I'd give it all for a pot of ale and a cozy rocking chair.

O, bitter true: that early on, when I was green in judgment and richly inheriting misadventures, the insolent

dogs did yap aloud. But now the tax is paid in full, and little inheritance remains; yet never can they understand that now my misadventures are my own! Yea, they would take it to themselves to question every measure under the sun; they would end by taking my very crown and sceptre!

Yonder, when distilled almost to jelly with the pangs of honest fear, did I nearly flounder in the sea of sanity, so upset was I by those murmurings of disfavor! Yet, betimes, my loyal band of fourth-estatenen do rally round. Applaud they all my wavings of Peace; and so 'tis meet, for, know they all, the times will not suffer the waging of aught else.

Yea, faithful fourth-estatenen may assure the people's unconcern; still . . . bah! I shall have a memorandum got up! Verily, these yapping dogs shall yet be silenced. Then let them be wary, lest they be whipped for taxation! (Exit)

JAMES J. BAUMGARTNER

1. Though it might seem so on the surface, this isn't James I of England speaking; it is one of his ideological descendants, presently ruling.

Tariffs and the Common Market

A noted economist examines U.S. tariff policies, relates them to certain Common Market weaknesses and concludes: we should stay out, at present

MILTON FRIEDMAN

Tariffs and Quotas

1. As liberals (in the true, not the modern perverted sense), our strategic objective is free international trade. The one important practical exception is that, while restrictions on trade with the Soviet will hurt the U.S., they may hurt the Soviet enough more so that we would willingly pay the price. The so-called practical objections that are urged, notably, lower wages abroad, are mostly based on a misunderstanding of the operation of a price system and are not valid objections to free trade either in principle or in practice. But since this is not directly pertinent to what follows, I refrain from expounding on the point here.

2. We should like to see free trade by all countries. However, refraining from reducing our restrictions unless we get reciprocal reductions is likely to mean, at best, halting progress toward free trade. Unilateral reductions of restrictions by the U.S.—à la Britain's nineteenth-century policy—seems the best course in our own, and the free world's, interests.

3. Tariffs are no longer the only, and may not even be the major, impediment to trade. Quotas and other direct interferences are now widespread—the oil import quota, “voluntary” agreement by Japan to restrict textile exports, sugar quota, etc., etc. Our agricultural program, with its creation of a discrepancy between domestic and world price, has been a major source of such direct interferences.

4. As between a quota and a tariff, a tariff is much to be preferred; first, because it is a fixed handicap that can be surmounted, whereas a quota is equivalent to a variable tariff; second, because a tariff, like a market price, is impersonal and does not involve direct interference by government in business affairs, whereas a

quota is likely to involve allocation and other administrative interferences, besides giving administrators valuable plums to pass out to private interests.

5. The most urgent tactical need on this level, therefore, is to attack and get rid of all non-tariff means of impeding trade.

6. One reason for the development of non-tariff impediments has been the practice of administrative bargaining and discretion over tariffs. Since administrative officials have had discretionary power to grant or withhold tariff changes, they have had a weapon with which to get “voluntary” quotas; more generally, this has given them an undesirable degree of direct control over particular enterprises and industries, which, needless to say, can be and has been used for purposes far removed from the tariff objective.

7. I conclude that granting of discretionary power to the President to control tariffs, peril points, and quotas for negotiating purposes is most undesirable.

The best way to move toward free trade would be to rule out non-tariff impediments and to obtain legislated across-the-board unilateral reductions extending over a considerable period (e.g., one-tenth a year for ten years).

Balance of Payment Problems

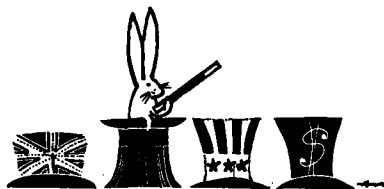
8. Despite the President's talk of freer trade, the Administration is following a set of policies that will almost inevitably lead it to impose greater impediments on trade regardless of what Congress does. We are in grave danger of widespread exchange controls, hidden or open, and of intensification of quota systems.

9. The reason, of course, is the balance of payments problem. It may be that we shall be lucky; maybe foreigners will adjust their policies enough to let us muddle through. If not, and I think the chances better than even that they will not, only four courses of action are open to us: a) using reserves, which means permitting gold to flow out in large amounts, or borrowing large amounts from IMF and the like; b) tightening money and forcing a deflation at home; c) devaluing or, better, letting the exchange rate float; d) restricting imports, subsidizing exports, curtailing foreign aid or other measures involving direct control over balance of payment items. (I happen to oppose foreign aid, but not for reasons having anything to do with the balance of payments, and a balance of payments problem is not a relevant reason for cutting foreign aid.) The Administration says it is determined to do no one of these things. But that is whistling in the dark. If the problem arises, one or more

of these things must, and will, happen (after all, the two sides of a balance sheet must be equal). Under present circumstances, and

with the Administration's propensity to control, I fear exchange controls.

10. The only free market devices for adjusting to balances of payments are either b) or c), i.e., either adapting internal monetary policy to external conditions, or accepting a free market floating exchange rate. We will not, and should not, do the former, both on political grounds and because it can be an effective tactic only if other countries do likewise and we cannot determine their policy. Floating exchange rates (and a free market price for gold) are therefore the



only effective free market techniques now available.

11. As a practical matter, we shall not currently adopt floating rates except as the end product of a major exchange crisis that we have not been able to stem by other means.

12. The implication of all this is that the tariff controversy is largely froth on the surface. The major dangers to freer trade are the less obvious ones of exchange controls and quotas. A reduction of tariffs without any measures to resolve the payments problem might paradoxically mean greater rather than lesser impediments to trade; since it would worsen our balance of payments, it would force resort to exchange controls and quotas sooner and more drastically than would otherwise occur.

The European Common Market

13. The preceding comments have important bearing on the European Common Market. The same balance of payment problems must be faced by the countries in it with respect to one another. Yet the present treaties provide no effective means for balance of payment adjustments.

14. Inevitably, balance of payment troubles will arise among the countries in the Common Market. When they do, only the four devices in point 9 are available. On the surface, the Common Market arrangements would rule out item d), direct controls on trade, except for a variety of escape clauses and special provisions, e.g., for agriculture. Fixed exchange rates under IMF rule out c), exchange rate changes. But it is hardly conceivable that the countries would resort to b), involving as it does the acceptance or fostering of unemployment, and item a), reserves, can never be large enough.

15. I conclude that, unless the Common Market develops some effective mechanism for adjusting to balance of payment discrepancies—either a really common currency as under a real gold standard or a system of floating exchange rates—it is doomed to break down sooner or later. Yet, to my knowledge, this basic problem is receiving no attention.

16. From experience with earlier European payment arrangements, the

time to break down will not be long—on the order of five years or so. The present euphoria is so far produced by promises, not performance, and is premature.

17. The chance of converting the present hope into reality is intimately dependent on the scale of the Common Market. There is more chance, the fewer the countries involved. From this point of view, Britain's entry—if it does become consummated—is very likely to mean a less common Common Market, i.e., a greater discrepancy between the actual arrangements and the ideal of a United States of Europe involving a single tariff wall against the outside world, no barriers to movements of goods, capital, and people within it, and either a common currency or floating exchange rates.

18. Of course, if it were not for the probability that widening the scope of the Market would weaken its substance, a widening of scope would be highly desirable.

The Effect on Us

19. Insofar as the Common Market does operate and is effective, it will almost surely have an initial adverse effect on our balance of payments. The common tariff, even if no higher than the average of the prior separate tariffs, will be more of an obstacle to U.S. goods because of the lower tariffs within the Common Market. (Here again, I refrain from elaborating the technical reasons why this is so. I should note, however, that failure to recognize this fact has been the source of much confusion.) From

our economic point of view, and also from the free world's point of view, separate reductions of tariffs by individual nations, all with most-favored-nations clauses, would be far preferable to the creation of a Common Market.

20. This does not mean we should now oppose or should earlier have opposed the Common Market. The alternative may not have been possible, and a gain in the political and economic cohesion of Western Europe is well worth some sacrifice.

21. Increased economic and political cohesion on a federal basis among Western countries is certainly high-

ly desirable. The question is whether our expressing a willingness to join a Common Market would promote this end.

22. Under present circumstances, I believe it would not do so, because neither we nor the European countries would be willing to take the measures required to produce a true Common Market.

23. Given our unwillingness to take such measures, the so-called Common Market would either be a farce or would shortly break down. In either case, its only long-run heritage would be a permanent bureaucracy.

24. It seems to me far better for us to wish the Europeans well and proceed to do what we can on our own to promote free trade at home and abroad.

The Conservative Bookshelf

A Liberal, having read our "Liberal Bookshelf" (February 27), offers a rebuttal.

● *I Was an ADA for the FBI*, by Herbert A. Goldbrick. One man's deadly masquerade as an agent of the Liberal Conspiracy, and how he lived to tell about it. And tell about it. And tell about it.

● *Why We Are Losing in the Peloponnese*, by the Old Oligarch. Skousen translation. A classic study of the No-Win Policy, especially significant in light of current events.

● *Brainwashing in Our TB Sanitariums*, by Dr. J. B. Johns. A daring exposé of the One-Worlders in White Coats who actively seek to overthrow Conspicuous Consumption.

● *From Joyce Jordan's Diary*, a girl interne's revealing account of Communist cut-ups and government cover-ups in the Health, Education and Welfare Department during the disastrous Roosevelt years.

● *A Businessman Looks at Liberalism*, by Oliver ("Daddy") Warbucks. A simple Man of the People casts a damning light on the subversive bleeding-hearts who seek to destroy his six-billion-dollar munitions empire.

ROBERT LUCHS



'My Doxy Is Orthodoxy'

Of orthodoxies: and how those who
deny there are any make that denial
a new (and dangerous) orthodoxy

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

Let us agree on the truth of the following three propositions: a) thinking exists for the sake of judgment just as motion exists for the sake of rest; b) convictions are judgments; c) an orthodoxy consists of a set of related convictions concerning the final meaning of human life within history. From the above propositions I draw the following conclusions: conviction is the repose, and orthodoxy the home of the human spirit. Without the one the soul of man sickens in the midst of indecision; without the other, it withers in the desert of doubt. Were there no final answer to the terrible mystery of being, man would still find it necessary to invent one: he would do this in order that he might remain a man.

It is the mark of the highly civilized skeptic that he sees these things, that he finds in all the inquisitions that man has raised up in every society throughout history for the sake of the preservation of orthodoxy more than mere repression and the failure to love. He sees these things and he condemns them; but he sees something more profound: the very defense of the human spirit against that which it cannot face and remain itself: the awful spectre of a final doubt and the terrifying experience of those who, in the words of Hilaire Belloc, "see at last that there is no Person in destiny, and that purpose is only in themselves. Their Faiths turn to legend, and at last they enter that shrine whose God has departed and whose Idol is quite blind." A civilized skeptic is a man who deplores his own disease and who would shield his fellow men from its contagion. A civilized skeptic is a man who would turn his proselytizing kin over to the secular arm. He would do this reluctantly, but he would do it all the same. Being civilized and therefore humane, he would sense a duty to the common good, in this instance

to the good itself of corporate and personal sanity. The civilized skeptic would have voted for the execution of Socrates.

Among the many ironies that play about the hard gem of Western Orthodoxy is the following: only the man absolutely committed to being and to its God can really defend what is valuable in the relativisms that have mushroomed out of the corporate decay of the Occident within the past centuries. There is a sense in which William James and John Dewey are right in reducing all truth to usefulness. Without a firm grip on the real, without the ring of conviction, man ceases to be a man. But it is very useful for man to remain human. Should he cease so to be, he will simply cease. The decomposition of personality and the promise of an asylum are scarcely defensible, either on absolutist or relativist grounds. Orthodoxy is sanity. To reject pragmatism is the highest compliment we can pay it.

Eternal Round Table

Only the orthodox can truly understand what is happening within the United States today. Only the orthodox can understand the new orthodoxy of heterodoxy being insinuated into the body politic in order to fill the void created by the secularism of the times. The often explicit but more often implicit proposition underlying the philosophy of the apostles of the "pluralist" society is the conviction that we must give our allegiance to something more profound than Catholicism or Protestantism or Jewry: namely, to pluralism itself. From this flows the affirmation that the meaning of America is perpetual discussion carried on over an eternal round table between people whose sole agreement is disagreement; and this agreement to disagree is more ulti-

mate than that about which we might disagree. The orthodoxy in question can hardly be entertained theoretically by anybody conversant with the doctrines of the great religious bodies subsisting within our nation. But although not entertainable theoretically, the new orthodoxy *can be lived socially* even by the most devout and committed of men.

Historically, it has always been only the few who articulated an orthodoxy; the many lived it. Provided the new orthodoxy be lived, even by men who would reject it theoretically, the new orthodoxy can claim to have done its job. Today the very recognition that the pluralist myth is the new dogma underlying every other supposed "absolute" is enough to expel a man from both professional and polite society should he attempt to attack that myth. This ought not to shock us. This is the way an orthodoxy is supposed to work. Every doctrine is most powerful when it manifests itself in custom rather than law. Law does not drive out the heretic; the Tribe drives him out. The Tribe does this in order that it might continue to exist.

We reach here an ultimate in political order because we reach an ultimate in existence. In order to be, a society must defend itself against whatever and whoever might threaten its existence. The inability to defend oneself against the enemy has always been the sign of approaching death, be it the death of an animal, of a man, or of a human society. Even the enemies of the proposition that the United States ought to be dedicated to nothing other than an eternal discussion must use the instruments of the apostles of eternal discussion. Even the enemies of the round table must sit down at it if they care to be heard at all. That *their* enemies are increasingly bent on blocking the discussion of discussion, the challenge

to pure challenge, the heresy of orthodoxy before the orthodoxy of heresy indicates that heterodoxy itself is using the instruments of its enemy in order to entrench itself. In so doing the "open society" pays its compliments to the "closed society." Orthodoxy is nothing other than a law of being.

A society, given the proper historic and cultural antecedents, can and should accept the pluralist principle within the context of its own orthodoxy. A society can see its institutions as embodying a responsibility and allegiance to God while permitting a wide variety of opinions on just what man or which church concretely represents the voice of God within history. But the proposition that a society—a political society—must abstract itself from all questions concerning the ultimate can only be



entertained by a naive rationalism that fails to see that men can live and act together only if they are bound together by code and custom, myth and legend, sculpture and song—all bespeaking some common confrontation of the Absolute. Where such an underlying orthodoxy is lacking we find ourselves in the midst of an aggregate of ghettos, not a society; we find ourselves in Hong Kong or Casablanca, not Washington, New York or London.

I would suggest, therefore, that heresy itself is a sheerly relative concept making sense only in terms of that orthodoxy of which the doctrine in question is a deviation. Heresy as a doctrine is unintelligible. When we confront the heretical on its own terms we discover a new orthodoxy. I would further suggest that these observations, if they be substantially true, ought to

alert us against the proposition that the United States of America is pluralistic by nature, that the United States is dedicated to nothing other than the free play of opinions on the pious hope that truth will somehow emerge from the jungle of controversy. "There is an infinity of angles at which one falls, only one at which one stands," wrote G. K. Chesterton in his magnificent *Orthodoxy*. The proposition that America is bound to a discussion potentially infinite in duration is the proposition that America is destined to fall. The man forbidden ever to conclude, ever to see what is there to be seen, in time might well become incapable of concluding, of seeing. Medical science calls such a man a psychotic: i.e., a man lacking insight into the real.

Sweden—complacent, fat, hollow—has the highest suicide rate in the civilized world while Andalusia—volatile, impoverished, ironic—has the lowest. Sweden would be that which Andalusia could never be: an "open society." But there are no open societies. Some societies close their grip upon reality and others seize upon illusion. We here in America must see to it that the barbarians do not trick us into illusion because they have despaired of vision.

Hang on, Sir Hillary! Help Is on the Way!

Personally, I think this whole campaign to find the legendary yeti,
Is presently as fruitless as looking for the hero through the confetti.
I mean sending a team of men up the Himalayas,
When for all they are going to discover you may as
Well send them to the Straits of Bering,
To fish for pearl or kippered herring.
Now, my advice, my indefatigable Sir Eddy,
While on your quest for that terribly elusive yeddy,
Is pack your picks and seize your scalps,
And make your way into the Alps,
Then climb until you reach The Summit
(They say the view is foggy frummit);
It might just be while you are there,
You'll meet the one with missing hair
(And meet as well, it's safe to say,
A man who'll snub your ol' toupée);
But when you see the longish arms,
The brutish mouth, the hairy palms,
The ape-like rage, the evil air,
You'll quite agree, I'm sure, that there
'Snow man who's quite so nominable,
To rank as, "The Abominable."

JOHANNES EFF

Baloney and Free Speech

Here are excerpts from an informal address by a longtime student of the theory of free speech, made recently to a horrified college gathering

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Temperamentally, I happen to be a man who in any given situation would always favor letting everybody have his "say." Not on principle, but out of an essentially selfish wish to satisfy my curiosity about what there is to say on whatever question happens to be up, and also out of some terrible anarchic thing 'way down inside me that always puts me on the side of the pillow-throwers and against the umpire, on the side of the freedom riders (even though I disagree with them) against the Mississippi sheriff, on the side of George Washington against George III—and so: on the side of the let-'em-speak contingent against the censors and silencers.

I am not a very good horrible example of an anti-free-speech man where what is in question is freedom of speech in a certain kind of community, where people have in some sense *contracted* with one another to conduct their affairs on a freedom-of-speech basis, or to treat each other as equals: the United States or England, for instance, where *other things being equal* I should say (and no longer just temperamentally, but to some extent, on principle) that the *presumption* is, for me, always in favor of the let-'em-speak contingent and against the shut-'em-up contingent. Though I would hasten to add: as regards communities-in-general, situations-in-general, there is and can be no such presumption; and to add too: there are other kinds of communities, the Dominican Republic, for instance, or contemporary Spain, for instance, where the presumption for me would be very distinctly against any attempt to conduct affairs on a freedom-of-speech basis.

I strongly feel, in other words, that the classic attempt to defend freedom of speech as a compelling principle, applicable to all communities, that is, Mill's famous *Essay on Liberty*, is a

piece of bad political philosophy, and one that has done great harm, so that the less heard of any general principle of freedom of speech the better. Most American intellectuals are under the contrary impression, so that even if they do not know Mill at first hand they yet feel sure that the day they need conclusive arguments for freedom of speech they will have only to go to Mill and look them up; most American intellectuals are under the impression that Mill settled *that* argument once and for all, and that is nothing more than a sad commentary on most American intellectuals. There is *no* reason, in theory, for saying that freedom of speech is a principle that should be defended; or, more cautiously, if it is a principle that should be defended, someone whose heart goes pit-a-pat over it should get busy and find a better defense for it than Mill took the trouble to do.

Verbal Parachutes

Now: I have already suggested that in a certain kind of community, where people have in some sense contracted with one another to conduct their affairs by freedom-of-speech procedures, I should to some extent on principle say there is a presumption in favor of freedom of speech; and I have said that for *me* the United States is such a community. But you will notice that I have stashed into my aircraft a great many verbal parachutes that would enable me, if and when that seemed advisable, to bail out. I say: a certain kind of community; I speak of people in that kind of community having *in some sense* contracted to practice free speech; I speak even there merely of a presumption in favor of free speech, that is, a presumption other things being equal; and I speak finally of defending the presumption to

some extent on principle. Let me clarify all that:

The sense in which the American people have contracted together to conduct their affairs by freedom-of-speech procedures is this, and only this: the First Amendment to our Constitution says that Congress shall make no law impairing freedom of speech and I do think it can be argued that that Amendment in some sense constitutes a contract among Americans to conduct their affairs according to freedom-of-speech procedures. But let us be quite clear here about several things:

(a) The First Amendment, along with the rest of the so-called Bill of Rights, was not written by the Philadelphia Convention, but rather, as sort of an afterthought—like painting the front stoop after the house is built—by the First Session of the Congress, then ratified by the amendment process specified in the Philadelphia Constitution. Now that does not make it any less part of the law of our Constitution, or any the less, for me at least, a contract among Americans. But it does perhaps create as many difficulties about freedom of speech as it solves. And for this reason: the Philadelphia Constitution was not intended to have a Bill of Rights. The most brilliant statement we have against a Bill of Rights is Alexander Hamilton's statement about freedom of the press in the *Federalist Papers*, where he argues: What good will it do to write it into the Constitution? If Congress sees fit to violate freedom of the press it will certainly go ahead and do so: The Bill of Rights in fact changes the whole character of our constitutional system. And this is the point—the authors of the Bill of Rights were, for my money, extremely careless about tidying up after painting the front stoop. Concretely: while the First Amendment forbids Congress to im-

pair freedom of speech, the body of the Constitution *empowers* Congress to do certain things that it may feel it cannot do without impairing freedom of speech; and most particularly it does that if, like me and unlike the Supreme Court, you regard the Preamble of the Constitution as the essence of the Contract among the American people. For the Preamble seems to announce an intention on the part of that people to do quite a number of quite sweeping things, e.g., to secure the ends of justice, to promote the general welfare. But the First Amendment invites the question: Ah! What if Congress be strongly convinced that enactment X is needed in the interests of justice, or for the general welfare, and yet that same enactment X impairs freedom of speech? There is no simple answer, except to say: under our Constitution it is always a fair argument to insist, "This may seem to some people an impairment of freedom of speech, but it is *necessary* in order to accomplish the very purposes of the Constitution, and *therefore* we shall go right ahead and do it." Most particularly it is not a simple answer to say: "Let the Supreme Court decide." By the time it gets around to deciding, free speech will already have been impaired and Congress, as Hamilton foresaw, will have had its way.

Back to the Original

(b) In any case, the First Amendment does not, properly speaking, establish what I have called freedom-of-speech procedures in the United States: still less, for all that we speak of a Bill of Rights, does it confer on anybody a "right" to freedom of speech. At most, it confers a right not to have your freedom of speech impaired by the Congress, that is, by the Federal Government. In its original form, it did not even confer on anybody a right not to have his freedom of speech impaired by his state and county and municipal government (of that more later). And it certainly did not confer upon anybody a right not to have his freedom of speech impaired by a whole series of non-governmental authorities—by, most especially, the persons most likely to impair it, who are one's neighbors.

(c) The situation I have just described, where the First Amendment leaves our state and local governments at liberty to impair freedom of speech, has been greatly complicated, if I may put it so, by a line of Supreme Court decisions which, in technical language, read the so-called Bill of Rights into the Fourteenth Amendment. These decisions, that is to say, seek to apply the limitations on the Federal Government involved in the first eight amendments to the states and localities, and they are so applied by the Supreme Court today. Now: by way of shoring up my image as a horrible example of an opponent of free speech, I'll confess I have never been much impressed by the constitutional logic by which that particular bit of juggling was accomplished, but that is not the main point I want to make about it. My main point is simply this: By the time we have moved away from the solid structure of the Constitution through the jerry-built lean-to of the Bill of Rights to the remote tool shed of a mere Supreme Court decision, we may have left far behind us the kind of freedom of speech that the American people may be said to have contracted with one another not to impair. I personally would still be willing to say that for me the presumption under the Constitution is against impairment, even when the latter is by a state legislature or a city council. But the presumption begins to wear a little thin; and I no longer feel sure of myself, when I defend it, as regards doing so on principle. That is why I speak, in my preliminary remarks, of defending the presumption to *some extent* on principle.

In any case, there is always one further difficulty, which I personally find rather more amusing than other members of my profession are likely to find it. Perhaps the best way to explain it to you is by telling you about a very favorite book of mine that I like to call *Sam Stouffer Discovers America*, though it was published under the title *Communism, Conformity, and Civil Liberties*. Let me be as brief as possible: Mr. Stouffer and his team asked a representative sample of Americans a number of questions calculated to find out whether they would permit a) a Communist, or b) an atheist, to

1) speak in their local community, or 2) teach in their local high school, or 3) be represented, by means of a book he had written, in their local public library. Again to be brief, roughly two-thirds of the sample answered "Nothing doing" right straight down the line; they would *not* permit any of the things in question nor was there any evidence that they would have been much disturbed to learn that the Supreme Court says that the Fourteenth Amendment says that the First Amendment says they can't do anything legally to prevent (e.g.) the Communist from speaking.

How Binding a Contract?

Mr. Stouffer was appalled at the America he had discovered—as, I am sure, the Ford Foundation or whatever it was that gave him all that dough to ask all those questions of all those people, must have been appalled also. Of course, anyone who had ever got off the Harvard campus long enough to visit America should have known what answers he would get, but that of course is not my point. My point is, quite simply, that Stouffer's statistics clearly enjoin upon us a certain caution when it comes to pressing the idea: The American people have in some sense contracted with one another to maintain freedom-of-speech procedures. If they have made such a contract most of them appear not to have heard of it; and the obligation of a contract of which the contracting parties seem not to have heard is *not*, perhaps, the most pressing kind of obligation one can dream up. One begins to suspect that the true American tradition is less that of our Fourth of July orations and our constitutional law textbooks, with their cluck-clucking over the so-called preferred freedoms, than, quite simply, that of riding somebody out of town on a rail.

Enough by way of explaining my verbal parachutes: other than temperamentally, it is for me, and has got to be, a matter of *in some sense, of other things being equal, of a presumption, etc.*

But the temperamentally still stands. My own instinct would be to let Gus Hall speak freely almost anywhere—until such time as the American people have the good sense to deport him to the Soviet Union.

Paranoiac Mirror

JAMES BURNHAM

The moving picture of the outside world presented by the American press becomes more and more abstracted from reality. We read the daily script of a crude morality play. Progressive, anti-colonial good guys swim with the tides of history; fanatic, backward-looking villains lash out against the winds of change.

Because publishers and editors are willing to accept "official versions," their reporters have little inducement to probe behind press handouts. Those facts that do manage to reach print are twisted beyond recognition by the ideological frame into which they are pressed. Within that frame, moreover, journalistic fantasy spawns a host of imaginary things—missile gaps, thaws and freezes, schism and reconciliation.

These multiple defects have been grossly displayed in the past year's coverage of the Algerian struggle. Most readers confined to the American press know a pitiful minimum of what has actually happened; have a monstrously distorted picture of that minimum; believe, besides, absurd falsehoods; and lack any grasp of the world-strategic meaning of the Algerian events. The press has offered a soap opera featuring a majestic de Gaulle, decent Frenchmen and gallant Algerian nationalists as the good guys; and a remnant of reactionary ultras, extremists, hoodlums and madmen, as the bad. The good guys stand for peace, self-determination, freedom, morality, etc.; the bad, for colonialism, racism, fascism, blood, terror and war.

Consider, for a moment, the use of words like "ultras," "extremists," or "die-hards," to describe the Algerians who favor *Algérie Française* and sup-

port the Secret Army. These comprise all but a handful of the more than a million Algerians of European ancestry. What is the meaning of "ultra" if everyone is an ultra? Would it not be more rational to call the dissenting handful "the ultras"?

Few of these Algerians of European ancestry are wealthy. Most are workers, small farmers, artisans and shopkeepers. Far from being fascist or even rightist in politics, they have mostly inclined to the Left. Oran, key stronghold of the Secret Army, until recently elected a Communist deputy to the Assembly.

But it is not only the Algerians of European ancestry, Left and Right, plus an undetermined number of Moslems, who support *Algérie Française* and the Secret Army. So too does the entire Jewish community of more than a hundred thousand souls, whose ancestors have been living in Algeria for many centuries. The U.S. press reported nothing about this until the spectacular May 5 shootings in the Oran Jewish quarter.

Who Is Traitor?

Take the figure of General Edmond Jouhaud, the captured Secret Army leader now under sentence of death. Guided by its script, our press exhibited him as a maniacal, hate-filled combination of Hitler, Trujillo and Jack the Ripper, madly struggling to preserve colonialist and racist privilege. In fact, Jouhaud is a native Algerian, born in the Oran suburb of Bou-Sfer, whose ancestors settled in Algeria more than a century ago, to escape German rule in Alsace-Lorraine. His father was a simple and much loved schoolteacher. Jouhaud was a *grand officier* of the Legion of Honor and a leader of the wartime Resistance, with seven special citations for heroism in combat. Politically he has always been particularly known as a "republican officer" (meaning non-rightist). His relations with Moslems have always been sym-

pathetic—even in this last underground year, when they often protected him—and three Moslem deputies testified for him at his trial. Not many Americans will have learned from their newspapers that among the other witnesses to appear for him was the widow of Albert Camus, like her husband a native of Oran.

And what of de Gaulle? Do democratic good guys rule by decree, arrest and imprison without warrant, try by administrative tribunals, legitimize unspecified future acts by plebiscite, cede national territories in direct contradiction to the constitution and their own pledged word?

Crumbling on the South

The gravest dereliction of our press is its failure to give its readers any understanding of the substance of the North African drama. With de Gaulle's surrender to the FLN, the process of outflanking Europe from the south enters its final stages. The last remaining bases—the American in Morocco, the French at Bizerte and Mers-el-Kebir—are soon to be abandoned. Under direct pressure from the east, and outflanked on the south, Europe will be progressively neutralized.

This is the real reason why Italy's *apertura alla sinistra* comes just at this time: the French surrender of Algeria forces Italy toward the Left, toward Soviet trade and neutralism, away from NATO. The worker-student unrest in Spain is also an expression of the crumbling of the African flank. In the eastern Mediterranean, too, it is already being felt: in the Athenian riots and the renewed Kurdish uprisings on the Iraqi-Turkish border. How can Europe hold Turkey while losing control of the Mediterranean?

Our columnists spin a pretty tale of a France, "freed of the Algerian burden," bringing a new dynamic challenge to bear against the enemy. We grow, it seems, by amputation. If de Gaulle's policy could not hold his Algerian fortresses against the FLN, will it then hold Berlin against Khrushchev? France, too, is a Mediterranean country. If the present course continues, France will follow, must follow, and for the same reasons, the neutralist path now being opened up by Italy.



Burnham

Government Medicine v. Public Health

W. F. RICKENBACKER

President Kennedy has clearly mounted a major campaign to tie some form of federal medical care to Social Security. The White House, it is said, has six high-level aides working full time on medicare propaganda. Various groups of citizens emerge from the White House repeating the words of official advocacy. And on May 20 the President, with the help of a Hollywood troupe, will speak in Madison Square Garden to urge passage of the King-Anderson medicare bill.

Simultaneously the opposition has increased. It is now taking the form of individual protest by physicians themselves. In New Jersey some 200 doctors have signed a resolution asserting their refusal to take part in the King-Anderson plan, even if adopted, while promising to "continue to care for the medically indigent, young and old, as we have in the past." The protest movement has spread rapidly to California, Texas, New York, Illinois, Louisiana, and North Carolina.

Secretary Ribicoff of the Health, Education and Welfare Department has joined the discussion with great vigor. The New Jersey resolution is, he says, an attempt "to blackmail the Congress and the American people" by "refusing to treat older people." Governor Hughes of New Jersey calls it "a political device." The New Jersey Assembly has introduced a bill to punish uncooperative doctors by revoking their licenses, fining them \$100, and jailing them for as many as ninety days.

Medicare in Britain

In judging these official reactions, it is essential to remember that the doctors have not announced their refusal to treat patients; indeed, they have explicitly pledged themselves to continue to provide medical care for those who cannot pay for it. The doctors argue that the socialization of

medical practice will lead to a deterioration of standards. From the record of British medicine since it was socialized, they have a case.

The British National Compulsory Health Insurance Program went into effect in 1947. At that time Britain had one doctor for every 877 people. By 1957 the ratio had dropped to one doctor for every 1,149. (In the United States, under our private system, the ratio has remained at one doctor for every 750.)

In the past decade Britain has lost her doctors steadily: 220 a year have emigrated to Canada, 200 to Australia, 200 to the United States. (Saskatchewan's socialistic regime will put its medicare program into effect on July 1: doctors, internes, and medical students are already reported to be making plans to emigrate toward freedom. Indeed, about one-third of Saskatchewan's doctors had earlier left Britain in order to escape the nationalized health program.) To offset its loss of doctors, Britain has had to welcome foreign physicians, largely from India and Pakistan, most of them with inferior training. Junior and not-so-junior posts in many British hospitals are going more and more to non-British doctors. Through normal promotion and the effect of the present trend, British hospitals will eventually be run predominantly by non-British doctors.

The yearly cost of the British system has multiplied to five times the original estimate. Although much of the cost has been collected directly by taxation of paychecks, the government has not seen fit to raise taxes to the point required for adequate medical programs. So it has cut corners, most noticeably in hospital construction. In the first ten years of British socialized medicine only one hospital has been built—a thirty-bed hospital in northern Scotland. *More than half of the beds in British hospitals are in buildings built before 1890.*

British hospitals are so crowded

that two-bed rooms normally have four beds in them, and beds line the hospital corridors. Despite this crowding of hospital beds, one-half of the children born in Britain are born outside the hospitals.

One reason for the crowding is that the cheap (*i.e.*, tax-subsidized) medical care erodes the will of patient and doctor to effect a swift recovery or to strive for efficient use of the facilities. In Britain the average hospital stay in medical cases is 27.6 days, in surgical cases 13.4 days. (It is less than five days in a representative American hospital.)

Under nationalized medicine the British hospitals are coming more and more under a new type of administration. Gone are the professional hospital staffs who, whether medically trained or not, felt a call to that line of work. Now taking over: the routine bureaucrat, whose characteristics are well known. Patients needing surgery face long delays. Doctors waste their precious time filling out government forms.

Fact v. Fiction

American doctors, then, with the unsatisfactory performance of British socialized medicine before their eyes, are taking a stand, in increasing numbers, that can only work to the benefit of American patients: to oppose any flirtation with similar disaster in this country.

The advocates of socialized medicine will, of course, continue to evade the issue by accusing the American medical fraternity of self-interest, disregard of the needy, and so forth. It will be made to seem that anyone who opposes the King-Anderson Bill has no heart.

But exactly the opposite is suggested by the record. The performance of socialized medicine in Britain has culminated in deteriorating standards, higher over-all expense (though much of it is hidden in taxes), run-down facilities, overcrowding, and a bureaucratic dehumanization of doctor-patient relationships. A vote for King-Anderson is a vote for medical regression, and a vote against it is a vote for the continuance of American medical practice as we know it, which is among the best and the most progressive in the world.

» BOOKS · ARTS · MANNERS «

Harvard Commutes to Washington

GARRY WILLS

In a saner age, Thomas Molnar's *The Decline of the Intellectual* would become a political classic overnight. But in a saner age the book would not have to be written. The decline of the intellectual, says Mr. Molnar, is the decline of the West; for we have gambled all our inheritance on the ideologue, the man who promises to build a better world.

The condition of this rebuilding is the abandonment of the rigid philosophical and religious forms that have hitherto prevented the manipulation and free technical disposal of reality. It was the Renaissance optimism that launched man on this effort at total control of world. What seemed an overwhelming enrichment of man, however, was bound to become a reduction of his scope: the dense stuff of reality had to be thinned, artificial constructs had to be substituted for the resisting and inviolable mysteries, if man was to maintain an easy mastery of things. The first great raids on reality, the titanic achievements, seemed to exhaust the world of its wealth of meaning. Humanism settled into the narrow precision and predictability of the eighteenth century. The ever-dwindling religious capital of the West forced men into ever more daring attempts to substitute an imposed plan for a received world.

With each urge forward, fewer of man's traditional guides were able to

The Decline of the Intellectual, by Thomas Molnar. Meridian, \$1.75

lead or enlighten him. The new breed, "the citizen," was to face the world without dogma or prejudice, everyone conscious of his place in the plan, everyone enlightened, everyone voting. The tasks of priest and king, of philosopher, theologian and scientist, were concentrated in the new leader, a man no longer named for the object of his devotion—as the philosopher was named for *sophia*, the theologian for *theos*, the scientist for *scientia*. The new leader had to create the object of his efforts, the ideal society; he offered a hope, and an instrument for attaining it—intellect.

As man must diminish his range of received reality by admitting only what submits to his absolute lordship, so the intellectual reduces the task of the mind and the importance of the thinker. The suicidal activity

of the intellectual is the most ominous prefiguring of the West's own more slowly advancing self-destruction. Remembering the rich legacy of the philosophies, the intellectual must close his eyes to temptation and plunge forward even faster than the rest of the world. He has been appointed as trail blazer, as professional anticipator, in whom memory is a dereliction of duty. The traditional attributes of studious men—retirement, contemplation, style, individuality—are betrayals of this task. The intellectual must contribute to progress and organization, to the equal and anonymous happiness that has been promised. His educational effort is no longer selective and individual, but collective and universal. Harvard must commute to Washington. The classroom, from now on, is the nation.

I HAVE TRIED to suggest, in brief and inadequate resumé, the foundations of Mr. Molnar's analysis. But the truly breathtaking aspect of his book is the sharp observation of the way these forces are at work around us in the three kinds of ideologues he studies in detail, the Marxist, the

Progressive and the Reactionary. (Yes, there is a reactionary ideologue—the man who sees the world in thin schematizations, who holds a conspiracy view of reality, who would ground all values in an economic system, who thinks of religious and national institutions solely as instruments of control.) The final irony of this ideological partisanship is that the schemata tend to lose identity at a certain stage, when the problems of control merge ideological variants in a managerial task that is its own end, that creates uniform functionaries. The story of the intellectual is the tragi-comic story of man bending all his energies to the rapturous cancellation, the progressively achieved obsolescence, of man.

Is there a way out of this hermetically sealed experiment in the replacement of man? There is; but Mr. Molnar knows that this is not to be found in some counter-ideology. Here is his most decisive break with the modern "social critics," who denounce mass society and then offer a cure that is only a further symptom. Even religion and philosophy cannot be used as mere tools for effecting our escape; their reduction to this status is evidence that no escape has been made. The return to reality is only through a low and narrow door, through humility. Man must surrender his titanic pretensions, his attempt to remake the world, to rival God.

This is not the kind of political statement men are used to hearing in the modern world—in itself, a sign of the need for it. Mr. Molnar's book is a vivid reminder that the true critic of society is the prophet. And the prophet's message is also a threat: humble yourself, or God will find a way of humbling you. Surely the threat was never more clearly expressed than in the dangers that beset the West at this moment.

Who, in our day, will read this book? Surely not the intellectual described in it. Yet that intellectual monopolizes the studies that prepare

man for the serious effort at understanding on which Mr. Molnar is embarked. There is, in his book, the essential note of prophecy—delivery of a message that one's contemporaries will not, cannot, hear. Mr. Molnar patiently proves that books

like his are hopeless undertakings. Then why was it undertaken? As all prophets take up the abandoned task of man—that at least one man continue to fulfill the human function; that, even when no one hears, the truth be spoken.

Nixon: A Burnt-Out Case

RICHARD WHALEN

PRACTICING politicians usually postpone their memoirs until what they say can't hurt them. Richard Nixon, by his own estimate a savvy "pro," has broken the rule, evidently confident he can keep the touchy

Six Crises, by Richard M. Nixon. Doubleday, \$5.95

stuff to himself. He has succeeded—so well, in fact, that after plowing through 460 pages, a reader wonders whether this fat autobiography was put together by a person, or a cagey committee.

A gimmick supposedly glues the book together—Nixon's professed interest in the "crisis syndrome." Instead of straightforwardly telling the story of his fourteen years of public life, he selects a half dozen more or less crucial episodes: the Hiss case, the Fund ("Checkers") speech, Eisenhower's heart attack, the Latin American violence, the kitchen debate with Khrushchev, and the 1960 campaign. Each becomes an occasion for commonplace remarks on the uses of a cool head in tight spots. What Nixon, the man, felt and thought—what he feels and thinks now—seldom intrudes.

If anyone ever merited Balzac's description of politicians as "monsters of self-possession," it would seem to be Nixon. Yet he occasionally drops his impossibly prim public mask, with an effect that can be acutely embarrassing. For the alleged hard guy of Herblock cartoons and ADA folklore is a softy inside, who wants almost desperately to be liked. He cherishes little gestures and trivial courtesies, as witness his recollection that in riotous Lima and after the kitchen tiff with Khrushchev, newsmen told him: "Good going, Mr. Vice President." Things did go well on both occasions; perhaps the 1960 campaign would have gone better if a thought-

ful Republican publisher had assigned the Vice President a cheerleader.

Then there is Nixon's account of the bleak morning-after in 1960. Roused by his younger daughter after barely two hours' slumber, the defeated and exhausted candidate sat brightly at breakfast, explaining away her "strange and disturbing" idea that religion had played a large role in her Daddy's defeat. Nixon wouldn't hear such disparagement of democracy, and countered by invoking the names and faiths of some of Julie's best friends. But let him tell it:

"So you see, Julie," I said, "it isn't a question of a man's religion when he decides to vote for you or against you. It is whether he believes in you and respects and likes you as an individual."

She did not answer for a moment after I had finished. Finally she said, "I think I understand, Daddy." And then: "Well, maybe we didn't win the election, but we won in the hearts of the people."

With that, writes Nixon, he wept, manfully telling Julie it was hay fever. One who should weep for shame is the editor who let this mawkish scene pass. Even if Julie understandably got Daddy mixed up with George Washington, and the Vice President wept copiously—even if it happened just so—it is humanly unbelievable that a man who had lost so much, so very narrowly, would rise up early in the morning to rationalize Kennedy's smashing Catholic and Jewish pluralities. Or that a whipped, frazzled candidate who had gone to bed at 4 a.m. would want to get up at dawn to talk about anything. Maybe Nixon thinks the public likes a good loser; he seems not to consider the possibility that the public distrusts a prig.

Although the voters of California remain to be heard from, Nixon looks like a loser today. He came through

a half dozen major crises in his political life, but each seems to have cost a part of himself. What Nixon ultimately lost, as this strained, artificial book attests, is the ability to be himself. Throughout his career he has tried to synthesize sincerity, when all he had to do was unlock himself and let it out. The Hiss case, which he handled brilliantly, gave Nixon his great opportunity, and also set the stage for self-betrayal. For in becoming a very junior partner to Eisenhower, Nixon took as his leader and model a unique political innocent. The Fund episode—Nixon's second crisis—was blown to preposterous proportions by Ike's naiveté, as well as by the cannibalistic instinct of the Republican "moderns." The shabby, tasteless and degrading "Checkers speech" would not have been necessary if the Republican Party had not bartered itself to escape the wilderness.

Nixon's subsequent crises leading up to the 1960 election—riding herd on the leaderless Cabinet, defying Communist mobs, talking back to Nikita—show him

performing creditably, but not creating an independent identity and surely not asserting the sound idea that a political party—even one headed by a great, well-loved General—ought to

stand for something recognizable. The hard-driving young lawyer from California, who had faced down Truman's Justice Department and a host of enemies, never could quite escape the dilemma that, by doing his plain duty as a politician, he would offend his leader. And so Nixon said "me-too," and told the folks Eisenhower was a great man.

He was still saying it when he met Jack Kennedy for the first time on TV. Nixon blames his poor—and perhaps pivotal—showing on the virus and his emphasis of substance over appearance. But it was the substance of what he said, the defensive refrain of "I agree with Senator Kennedy," that made him appear a candidate with nothing much to say. The almost book-length chapter on the campaign has drawn attention because of Nixon's charge that Kennedy broke security on the planned Cuban invasion,



and so compelled the Vice President to feign horror at the very idea of intervention to cover up. But it was not only then that the Vice President fitted his ideas and words to the image; it was day by day, issue by issue, until more than enough voters to decide a close election simply decided the outcome didn't make much difference.

Perhaps not. But it will make literally all the difference in the world whether the United States soon gains principled political leadership. Be-

cause Nixon would not assert himself, his opportunity to lead was missed and may never return. While he tries to retrieve it, he ought to spare a few moments from worry over the powder on his five o'clock shadow and contemplate one of his own homilies. "A man who never lost himself in a cause bigger than himself has missed one of life's mountaintop experiences." On the evidence of his autobiography, the other-directed man from California faces a long, uphill pull.

Science and the Elders

DONALD COWAN

MLADY Science has always taken what sponsorship she could get, happy to be about the simple chores of her trade. Her domicile has been most often within the austerity of a university of one sort or another; but a little flair for invention, never taken too seriously, has given her a night out on the town now and then with an industrial tycoon. Since World War II, however, she has stepped out with one of her old beaux in grand style, and now her heart largely belongs to Uncle. So two government professors from Harvard point out, not entirely wittingly, in a study called *Science and the Nation*.

The attraction which scientific research has held for industry is an understandable one, "founded on eminently practical considerations," as Professors Dupré and Lakoff remind us. Noting that half the research

not concerned exactly with the protection of the young entrepreneur struggling to get a foothold in our bristling company.

Nor are they unduly alarmed by the fact that there are now sixteen non-profit private research firms "financed entirely by public money," or that federal funds for research and development now stand at about eight billion dollars a year, approximately three times the amount spent by industry from its own resources. The bulk of these funds is directed toward national defense, but "national defense" is today so pervasive a concept that they affect substantially all of industry. The funds, willy-nilly, are directed to the public welfare; to so commendable an end one can hardly object; but more willy than nilly the funds sound the death knell of private industry. Our professors quote a Harvard colleague, Wassily W. Leontief, as stating, "the economic benefits of scientific and industrial research can be exploited fully only if no one, no one at all, is prevented from using its results by the price which he has to pay to do so." Such a statement might come from someone innocent of the profit motive and of the nature of the American economy, but, in any case, it comes out of an awareness to which we must all awaken: if the Federal Government owns the source of research and claims its fruits, then private industry as we have known it will cease to exist.

Dupré and Lakoff also turn their attention toward the effect science has had on government involvement in higher education. They view, with-

BY LUDWIG VON MISES

A brilliant demonstration of the consequences of positivism for Western civilization

THE ULTIMATE FOUNDATION OF ECONOMIC SCIENCE

The philosophers have considered physics the paragon of science and blithely assumed that all knowledge is to be fashioned on its model. Traditional definitions of sciences have slighted history as "mere literature" and ignored the existence of economics.

The author exposes, as a fallacy, the contention that the methods of the experimental sciences are the sole fit means of proving the truth of factual propositions and demonstrates the disastrous consequences that adherence to this erroneous doctrine has had for Western civilization.

About \$5.00

Other Von Mises books available

THE ANTI-CAPITALISTIC MENTALITY \$3.75

EPISTEMOLOGICAL PROBLEMS OF ECONOMICS \$5.50

at all bookstores, or write

D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc.
120 Alexander St., Princeton, N. J.

Science and the Nation, Policy and Politics, by J. Stefan Dupré and Sanford A. Lakoff. Prentice-Hall, \$3.95 cloth, \$1.95 paper.

Science and Religion, John Clover Monsma, ed. Putnam, \$3.95

in industry is now conducted on federal funds, they are alarmed by the fact that the bulk of the money goes to larger industrial firms, with the result that big companies get bigger, and little ones—which in the past built on the basis of inventions—now get crowded out. Finding some discrepancy between anti-trust prosecution and the administration of sponsored research, they are nonetheless

Random Notes

● **MOVIES:** That masterpiece of the nickelodeon, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (Robert Wayne and Fritz Lang, 1919), has been made into a talkie by 20th Century-Fox, imaginatively retitled *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. The Museum of Modern Art is pleased with the result. Richard Griffith, curator at the MOMA, calls it "one of the most strikingly original uses of the medium that I have seen in a lifetime of looking at movies." . . . The Germany that produced *Caligari*, the world of Bertolt Brecht and Conrad Veidt, has just been written up in a book of reminiscences, *Heimweh nach dem Kurfuerstendamm* (Lothar Blanvalet, West Berlin). Many illustrations. The author is the journalist who signs himself PEM. . . . We note on one page of *Variety* that Cliff Robertson, of *My Six Loves*, has been chosen to play Lt. John F. Kennedy in Warner Brothers' *PT 109*; and on another, that Jerry Wald (about whom, see the May *Esquire*) is rearing back to film the Attorney General's *The Enemy Within*. Paul Newman is to portray Bobby. Well, the Caroline Kennedy comic book sold out a few days after publication. . . . Walt Disney is getting ready to do Kipling's *Jungle Book*.

● **COMING UP:** August Hecksher, the Administration's Coordinator of Cultural Affairs, will bring out a book this fall—*The Public Happiness*, to be published by Atheneum. . . . Allen Drury's second novel, *A Shade of Difference*, will be published by Doubleday in September. *Advise and Consent*, it turns out, is the first part of a tetralogy. Drury is presently at work on the third volume, which will be about a Presidential campaign and election, and the situations which develop when the President-elect dies prior to his inauguration. . . . Trayne Publishers, New York, announce a series of critical studies of United

States Authors, a hundred titles in preparation. To be followed by an English Authors series of 150 titles. They even offer, at last, a book on Eudora Welty.

Publishers' Weekly notes that "the satisfaction of the smaller publisher who finds one of his titles commanding an unusual amount of attention in the subsidiary-rights market is being experienced, and frankly relished, by Henry Regnery Company." The book is *Tuntsa*, a narrative of an Atlantic crossing in 1946-47 by a group of Finns. *Reader's Digest* has snapped it up; English, French, German and Spanish publishers have negotiated rights, and the movies are interested.

● **NEW BOOKS:** Among the new books is a peculiar act of timidity: Djuna Barnes' *Selected Works* (Farrar, \$5.95) is a hodgepodge of three works, each interesting in itself, but ill-fitting together. Question is, how could an editor have conceived of the collection without *Ryder*, that strange novel to which *Nightwood* is a sequel?

One of the best books on Walt Whitman is the Geoffrey Dutton volume in the Evergreen Pilot Books. Its virtue is in presenting a condensation of facts—a feat that should stand as model for the usual American critic, who needs pounds of paper and oceans of words. . . . The Pilot Books make a fine if uneven series: the *Colette* by Margaret Davies, the *Wallace Stevens* by Frank Kermode, and the *Ionesco* by Richard N. Coe are the best of the lot thus far. The series is English (Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh), brought out by Grove over here. The books are written by a new breed of Scotch reviewers, a delight to see in action.

● **INFORMATION PROBABLY SIGNIFICANT:** Volume XI of *The Pavlov Journal of Higher Nervous Activity* is ready for distribution from Moscow, in English.

out alarm in this instance, the concentration of funds in large institutions and openly support an absence of concomitant restrictions. The irrelevancy of loyalty oaths—or "affidavits of disbelief," as they put it—is one of their major themes, as they here forsake the role of court reporter for that of advocate. This argument is continued through a recounting of the fable of the ferocious House Committee on Un-American Activities hounding the innocent scientist; it is a tale we have somewhat tired of hearing, although in this instance its lurid telling serves to put in proper context the more objective-sounding first part of the book, in which the State is made to appear the natural guardian of Science.

A SOMEWHAT different temptation confronts science in a collation of clergymen's statements entitled *Science and Religion*. As with most compendia of opinions produced on demand, little good comes of this collection; indeed, science is not likely to bat so much as an eye at her old pursuer from this latest blandishment. For the most part, these essays are little homilies and meditations, but a few of the tracts give evidence of thought and preparation. Professor John H. Gertner contributes perhaps the most brilliant of the essays in an attempt to isolate the true grounds for conflict between science and religion; but his conclusion (that the conflict "concerns the proofs of the Ultimate Cause of things and His special revelation to mankind") does not seem consequential. Baptist Professor E. C. Rust writes with some perspicacity, and two of the Catholics, Father John F. Peifer and Father Ernan McMullin, seem to know what they are about.

The second law of thermodynamics escapes from the book somewhat bedraggled, and indeterminacy takes a little beating, although not so badly as one had come to expect. In fact, the foolishness is not so evident in science as in other matters: for example, "W. E. Henley's 'Invictus' is great poetry," theologian Gene Lund notes in opening a disclaimer; or, concerning the persecution of science by religionists, the Rev. G. E. Thomas straightens his halo a bit with the statement, "Every enlightened leader in the field of religion is embarrassed

by the record." It seems likely that literature and history—as well as science—can survive such handling, with little harm resulting. But one hopes, always, for a new mind to arise, one with sufficient learning, insight, creativity, concern, humility

and arrogance to fuse the disparate knowledge of our day and effect a new synthesis. The book *Science and Religion*, even if much of it appears to be written with both hands, gives little evidence that an Aquinas is in the offing.

man). He waged war against the idea that all musicians are foreigners, or should be to be any good. To ridicule the British public he conspired for Dora Labette to enjoy a triumph as a new star from the Continent named Lisa Perli. She sang Mimi in *La Bohème* amid wild adulation. Off the stage she was heavily veiled and pretended not to speak English. The public was taken in.

When it came to women, Sir Thomas could do much as he liked, whatever sort of strings they handled—of the purse or the violin or the throat. He married early Miss Utica Celestia Welles, as beautiful as her name, related to someone in Lincoln's cabinet. He tended to cut up women's lives much as he chopped opera scores. There were Mary Dodge and Maud Foster and Maud Cunard, as well as some wives.

Lady Cunard was the great figure in his operatic life, as her salon was at his service. She raised funds and filled the boxes with the bored fashionables. Together, they were a brilliant working alliance, which benefited the entire musical world. When Zeppelins raided London and audiences fled into the Tube, Lady Cunard said she would stay and die with Beecham while he conducted at Drury Lane. After all, the public needed an example of courage. That his obituary notices failed to mention her name showed that Mrs. Grundy had supervised them.

For an Englishman to become a first-rank conductor seemed a contradiction in terms. Beecham was at his best conducting second-class music, which his rhythmical exertions made seem first class; he never soared like Toscanini. Profound music did not make him equally profound; at the back of his talent he was a jester and a wit. But he could ride the hurricane of sound and coax a limping orchestra into a military trot or martial Dead March. He discovered and conveyed the spell Wagner hid in the Parsifal music. He could bewitch an orchestra and send it on to bewitch an audience. What if he treated Mozart as a dancing-master—well, so he was! As for his tempo in conducting Mozart, he settled all criticism by saying: "I have seen the original ms. in his own hand."

Was it all power of memory on Beecham's part? He could conduct

Men and Manners

Hurricane of Sound

SIR SHANE LESLIE

IT is as difficult to write a biography of a great conductor as of a musical performer. Their sounds, however melodious, have passed to oblivion and their gestures, however

Sir Thomas Beecham, by Neville Cardue. British Book Centre, \$3.95

Thomas Beecham, by Charles Reid. Dutton, \$4.50

effective at the time, prove unrecordable. Nevertheless, Sir Thomas Beecham was individualist enough to excite two biographers to try to complete his own biography, entitled *A Mingled Chime*, wherein he is found to have omitted passages, whether through modesty or prudence.

The provenance of an English conductor is always different from that of the Continental genus. In the first place, Beecham had no need for money. He never had to struggle in the sea of starving and suffocating musicians. His family owned the most famous proprietary medicine in the world. The son was sent to public school and university, giving him the standing of a sportsman and gentleman.

At Rossall School he stood up to the hearties at cricket and football. At Oxford he broke with his father and might easily have slipped into the Bohemia which swallows English aesthetes. But he had courage, contempt and determination. His chief trouble at the time was whether he would succeed best in diplomacy or as Prime Minister. He resolved his indecision by taking up music. Even so, there was the choice between playing an instrument or composing the music. He settled for the conductor's baton.

For fifty years he poured out a fortune in giving the British music they neither asked for nor enjoyed. He stood up like a dandy amid the bearded giants of the rostrum. Once he had decided to take British taste by storm, he put together three full and famous orchestras. When Delius entered his life he was inspired to become his interpreter. Under his wand the British public often became as hysterical as at a cricket test match. Another English composer, Elgar, he lifted to the heavens, though describing his work as like the mighty façade of Euston Station. He even attempted his best for Ethel Smyth's



Sir Thomas Beecham: "... courage, contempt and determination. . . ."

opera *The Wreckers* by drowning the singers with the orchestra. By some means King Edward VII was persuaded to attend this gala, but when the Kaiser heard the opera in Berlin, Ethel was in jail. She was a suffragette!

Beecham was far from professional. He was unorthodox and loved a practical joke (which is one of the attributes of the extinct English gentle-

Should Education Be Practical?

NOT IF the West is to survive, says Frederick D. Wilhelmsen in the Spring Number of *The University Bookman*. Professor Wilhelmsen contributes "Reflections on the Utility of a Disinterested Education."

"There is a kind of academic training which is immediately practical, such as language courses for future diplomats or agricultural courses for experts destined for foreign service. This training is indispensable today, but it has little to do with liberal and humane education. If the immediate utility quite proper to certain training programs is permitted to invade the liberal arts, not only will they suffer but so will all of us. In the name of the supremely human and therefore useful goal of preserving the inheritance of the West, that inheritance must be seen as it actually exists in itself, as a treasure of reality and truth and beauty whose possession justifies in and of itself. I suggest in conclusion that if we Americans would play our role as latter-day Romans defending the walls of our own Constantinople, the New Rome which is America, against the barbarians beyond, we must recognize the high political wisdom that lies in the total divorce of the liberal arts tradition from all immediately political and practical ends. I say this for the sake of the liberal arts themselves; but I say it even more for the sake of the political future of the West."

Every *National Review* magazine subscriber will receive *The University Bookman*, free. Others may subscribe at two dollars a year for the four issues. Write Editor, *The University Bookman*, Box 3070, Grand Central Station, New York.

The
UNIVERSITY
BOOKMAN

without the score; and once unexpectedly faced with *Figaro*, he only remarked to the orchestra leader "You amaze me" and went on to amaze players and listeners. But it was fortunate he knew the score by

heart. Like Whistler and Oscar Wilde, he relentlessly told the British public how feebly and futilely they came up to his ideas of art. The British public left him in the hands of the Public Receiver.

Time Is Running Out

ROBERT MORRIS

FRANK J. JOHNSON, an intelligence officer fresh from the hard realities of the world struggle, has broken his bonds to urge upon us the gravity of our peril. His voice is the antithesis

No Substitute for Victory, by Frank J. Johnson. Regnery, \$5.00

of the prevailing voices that tell us to go back to sleep. He warns that time is running out for the United States, and that we are facing the attack of an enemy physically weaker than we are, but one who uses his every resource to effect. "If he is not stopped and stopped soon, time for us will run out altogether": this is Johnson's theme and he develops it skillfully.

He dissects, with incisiveness, the means we have been using to stop the enemy, and underscores their Pollyanna nature. The bankruptcy of our main defensive posture, reliance on "negotiation," is exposed in a pointed, unambiguous paragraph:

"To us, peace is an end in itself. To Khrushchev and his advisers, 'peace' is a means towards an end—the conquest of the world. To us, negotiation implies a sincere effort to reach a settlement of differences. To the Communists, negotiation is simply a means of advancing the goal of World Communism. The status of the Communist World is never negotiable—only that of the Free World. The method of Communist negotiation is usually to ask for the whole loaf and then to make a great 'concession' by accepting only half."

Writing with realism of the folly of our rewarding and encouraging neutrals, and noting that "neutralism" is a most useful weapon for Khrushchev, he points out that "what is immoral is not so much neutralism as the eagerness with which the United States now seems to reward it. If we heap more favors on black-mailing neutrals than on loyal allies,

we will not long have our remaining allies. . . . [Neutralism] usually contributes to an intellectual and political atmosphere in which Communism as a conspiracy can thrive. . . . In this stage of their new offensive, the Soviets have not as yet sought to effect actual Communist takeovers in the uncommitted areas. There is, in fact, evidence that Khrushchev ordered the Communist Party in Iraq to go slow on any bid for outright power following the nationalist coup against the pro-Western government in 1958, which took Iraq out of the Baghdad Pact. The important thing, from Khrushchev's standpoint, was that Iraq was removed from the United States column."

Mr. Johnson's analysis of the "rift" between Red China and the USSR hammers hard on the theme that Red China, itself being a non-nuclear power, cannot in this decade be a threat to us.

Considering the question of "belly Communism," Mr. Johnson observes



that the facts do not bear out the contention that poverty causes Communism. For example, in Europe today four of the poorest countries, Turkey, Portugal, Spain and Ireland, have few Communists; and in Italy the Communist strength is greatest in the prosperous industrial north.

In conclusion, Mr. Johnson offers a diagnosis and prescribes a remedy: "Communism thrives on weakness. The Communists themselves are superbly organized, disciplined, and determined. . . . But where they meet an organization, a discipline, and a resolution equal to their own, they cannot possibly prevail. They will always recoil, screaming for 'negotiations,' hoping that their enemies' resolve

NEW
VIKING BOOKS



✓ The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence

Edited with an Introduction by HARRY T. MOORE

"One of the greatest autobiographical revelations in literary history."
—MARK SCHORER, *N.Y. Times*

"The only letters in English literature with which they can justly be compared... are those of John Keats—and Lawrence's letters perhaps hold more significance for more people."

—MAURICE DOLBIER, *N.Y. Herald Tribune*
2 volumes, boxed \$17.50

✓ THE MASKS OF GOD II Oriental Mythology

by JOSEPH CAMPBELL

"Never before has anyone put the mythological themes of Asia in such fascinating historical perspective. A work of such great scholarship which reads like a novel and sings like a poem is a rarity indeed..."

—ALAN WATTS

"It is impossible to read this startling and entertaining book without an enlarged sense of total human possibility."

—ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS \$7.50

✓ Land to the West:

A SEARCH FOR IRISH AND OTHER PRE-VIKING DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA

by GEOFFREY ASHE

Did the Irish discover America? Did America discover Europe? Mr. Ashe takes his readers on a lively scholarly adventure through Medieval and earlier records, in search of answers to these tantalizing questions. With maps and photographs.

illus. \$6.75



THE VIKING PRESS · New York 22

TO SECURE THESE BLESSINGS

By Saul K. Padover

All the giants of the 1787 Constitutional Convention whose explosive debates made our country great, come to life in this exciting reference work.

64 pages of Illustrations • Just published

At all bookstores, \$7.50

WASHINGTON SQUARE PRESS

1 West 39th Street, New York 18

Murray N. Rothbard MAN, ECONOMY AND STATE

In this comprehensive and systematic treatise on economics, the author draws the conclusions logically implied in the fundamental axiom of human action.

Vol. I — leads step-by-step to an understanding of the structure of varied economies and an examination of the unhampered market. 496 pages

Vol. II — considers the problems of dynamic change and entrepreneurship in a free economy, presents a new theory of monopoly, and refutes the dominant economic fallacies of our age. 544 pages

the two volumes \$20.00

at your bookstore

Van Nostrand

Princeton, New Jersey

Change of Address

Please give at least three weeks' notice. Include both old and new addresses, with zone numbers. Notify: Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.

ANY BOOK reviewed in this Book Section—or any other current book—is yours for no more than the bookstore price. We pay all postage and handling charges. Worldwide service, catalogue on request.

THE BOOKMAILER, INC.
Box 101—Murray Hill Station
New York 16, New York

The Complete
Bookstore-by-Mail
representing all U.S.
publishers

will weaken at the conference table and give them an opportunity to win by deception what they are unable to take by force. The answer to Communism, then, is to use our superior strength to keep up a relentless pressure against it."

Movies

Master of the Macabre

JOHN CARDEN

THE film director's record of artistic achievement is notoriously spotty. Given a certain degree of independence and the privilege of choosing his own material, a John Ford can turn out *The Informer*, a Jean Renoir, *Grand Illusion*, and a William Wellman, *The Ox Bow Incident*. But these are pearls spaced at intervals on a string of beads.

More often than not, the commercial demands of movie production force such men to disappoint their audiences with banal endeavors. Nor are their efforts aided by the supervision of certain producers to whom, in the words of

Nita Naldi, "Kipling is a kind of her-ring." The perennial exception is Ingmar Bergman, who not only selects his subject, but writes and directs the film treatment as well; who is, in effect, a novelist writing in cinematic language. This accounts for the great virtues—the minor flaws—of the latest in his series of successes, *Through A Glass Darkly*.

It is almost an axiom that great, and even respectable, novels cannot be effectively translated into movies. Too many of the literary nuances are lost; carefully drawn portraits boil down to simple figures. Two fairly recent adaptations, *The Sun Also Rises*, and *Tender Is the Night*, are to their models as grape juice is to champagne. Bergman has avoided this difficulty by creating solely for the camera. (His screen plays are published in book form after the films have been released.) He began his career not as a director, but as the author of the script of *Torment*—a movie which, while highly acclaimed at the time, seems, sixteen years later, to be murky and pretentious. The title, however, indicates the tenor of

He recommends a wide scope of activity, extending from the economic to the para-military, to implement this program. No *Substitute for Victory* analyzes the reality of our policy and provides a clear assessment of the danger we face.

all of his later films except his comedies.

Through A Glass Darkly has been described by Bergman as his *chef-d'oeuvre*; its predecessors, we are told, were merely appetizers. The stark outline of the story is brutal: A girl, recently cured of schizophrenia and vacationing on a Baltic island with her husband, young brother and father, hears voices that command her, in her search for God, to ignore her husband and father and give herself to her brother. She sees God materialize in the form of a gigantic spider, and, at her own re-

quest, she is returned to an asylum.

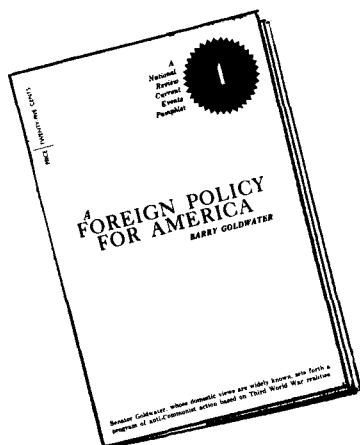
Bergman excels in his ability to piece together the elements of this horrible tale. For example, in one of the early scenes, the girl tells her brother that she seems to possess a much more highly developed sense of hearing since her electro-shock treatment. Much later, her husband, who is a doctor, tells her father he would rather have her dead than watch her "turn into an animal." Her improved awareness suddenly appears as a sign of approaching bestiality.

The performances, by members of Bergman's now familiar repertory company, are uniformly superb. As the distraught heroine, Harriet Andersson has more in common with Ophelia than a Scandinavian ancestry. Two features of the movie, however, mar its worth: the pace and the conclusion. If Bergman has a besetting sin, it is his tendency to let events drag, throwing the story out of focus. The director's right to set his own tempo is undoubtedly legitimate, but, unless he is wary, he may



1 2 3 4 5

NOW—you can get all 5 for only \$1.00!



National Review's
CURRENT EVENTS
Pamphlet Series—
launched just a year
ago—has proved to
be a surprising
success. Each of the
five pamphlets
published so far has
become a “bestseller”
almost immediately.

WHY? We feel it is because there was a *need* for such a series: handy, inexpensive pamphlets, designed for the general reader, and discussing definitively the principal issues of the day.

Now, we are happy to announce that *all five* of these thought-provoking pamphlets are available for only \$1.00. This gives everyone — especially our new readers who might not have had an opportunity to obtain the earlier pamphlets in the series — the chance to get the complete **CURRENT EVENTS** Series #1 at this low price. So use the handy order form facing this page to order your copies. And be sure to notice the big savings on bulk orders.

How You or Your Group Can Use These Pamphlets...

These pamphlets are perfect for mailing to your friends, as texts for conservative study and action groups, for fraternal and civic organizations, to be mailed to your senators and representatives, local editors, and clergymen, news commentators and opinion makers.

Here are some typical comments from our readers...

“... I would like to send a copy (Congress: Danger Ahead) to at least that many (100) influential people in my community with a brief note urging that they not only read it, but to subscribe to the magazine wherein it appeared.”

“... These pamphlets will be made available at our monthly meetings. I am sure the results will be gratifying both to you and to us. Very likely the supply will be exhausted within a short time as we have a number of chapters which will be interested in distributing them.”

“... This is one of the finest articles (A Foreign Policy For America) of this type that has ever appeared, and I would like to obtain copies to distribute among my friends that have not had the pleasure of reading it.”

“... I would like to send one (The Lost Tools of Learning) to everyone in the United States...”

1 **A Foreign Policy For America** by Senator Barry Goldwater

The Senator gives tough-minded answers to vital questions ranging from How to resolve the problem of Cuba, to, What are the dominant superstitions in our thinking about the UN. He also outlines a plan—a program for survival and *victory*—and you should know about it.

2 **Soviet Strategy** by Whittaker Chambers

Whittaker Chambers understood — like no other man of our time — the nature of our life-and-death struggle with Communism. In this pamphlet, written as only Chambers could write, he describes with prophetic vision the beginnings of Communism's direct assault on the U.S.! A truly remarkable document that belongs in the hands of every serious conservative.

3 **The Lost Tools of Learning** by Dorothy L. Sayers

What is *wrong* with education today? Why is it that our Johnny's can't and their Ivan's can? Miss Sayers goes to the root of the problem and examines the whole concept of progressive education, explains its essential weakness and outlines the steps we must take to bring back *quality* to today's curriculum. It should be required reading for students and their parents.

4 **Congress: Danger Ahead** by Lucius Wilmerding Jr.

... with a special introduction by Arthur Krock, distinguished dean of Washington correspondents. This brilliant pamphlet fully explains the need for states which lost Congressmen in the last Census to reapportion their districts *before* next November's elections. Failure to do so will result in *General Ticket* elections in several key states! Must reading for every concerned citizen.

5 **The Third World War** by James Burnham

“We must stop worrying about the UN General Assembly and licking the boots of neutralists if we want to win the protracted struggle against World Communism,” says the author of this timely, hard-hitting analysis of the threat to America. He lists what you can do *now* to stop the Red tide—and what will happen if we do not.

lose the audience's attention. As for the message implicit in the conclusion, roughly analogous to "God is Love," what is there to say? Its application to the ungodly mess presented appears rather vague. But, after all, this is a matter of individual interpretation. It is possible to respect Bergman's concern for religious problems without crediting him with any special profundity of thought in the spiritual realm.

These failings, however, do not obscure the excellences of *Through A Glass Darkly*—excellences made possible by its maker's autonomous position. One wonders what Ford, Wellman, *et al.* would have accomplished during their most productive years had they been left alone. Fifty years of assembly-line production have left the United States with little to say to the world in terms of the cinema. Bergman's triumphs stand as the most incisive criticism of the Hollywood pattern.

Each of his films has been greeted with a salvo of applause. Some of the reactions to his newest border on the hysterical. Such free and easy deification is disastrous, for it leads to equally free and easy disparagement. Soon reviewers will be making reputations for themselves by assuring us that he never was much anyway. Those who suggest we stop talking about his artistry and start discussing his genius are, I believe, a

bit premature: he is not a Griffith or an Eisenstein. He is, however, an authentic and individual voice. Only Chaplin, in the last thirty years, has put across his viewpoint so well. But unlike Chaplin, Bergman's major achievements lie ahead of him. And this is a heartening prospect: that we may watch, year after year, the continued development of this Swedish master of the macabre, whose films, be they strange, grotesque, or even perverse, will never cease to be fascinating.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

APPEASEMENT—ROAD TO WAR, by William Henry Chamberlin (Rolt House, \$3.95). "From the time of Pericles and Demosthenes to the modern experience of Munich and Yalta, appeasement, which may be defined as retreat before force or the threat of force, accompanied by the sacrifice of a weaker ally, has never led to peace—except a peace of surrender." Here, at the start of his book, Mr. Chamberlin states his thesis, which he develops with considerable strength and overpowering documentation throughout the length of this slim but solid volume. He shows both sides of the coin: how appeasement has always led to war under deteriorated circumstances, and how a resolute stand has maintained the peace by discouraging, for a time, the lust of aggressors. Herein, the difficulty: for the resolute stand taken at A today must be taken at B tomorrow. We face a long career of resolute stands if we are to survive. We must be ready to run The Big Race every day, not just in the Olympics: we must learn to meet what Mr. Chamberlin calls "the permanent Communist threat." He analyzes the Communist threat with a thorough review of recent history: the challenges faced or not faced in Berlin, Laos, Quemoy; the psychic traps of coexistence, disarmament, Summit meetings. And he confirms his own correctness negatively, by offering a richly merited divellication of the appeasement arguments of Walter Lippmann, Vera Micheles Dean, C. Wright Mills and James P. Warburg; and positively, by the flow of time. For his book was written, most of it, by mid-1960,

and the predictions he made then, unlike any predictions Mr. Lippmann ever made, have come to pass.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

THE CUBAN INVASION: CHRONICLE OF A DISASTER, by Tad Szulc and Karl E. Meyer (Praeger, \$3.95). This book will recommend itself to that portion of the public which has succumbed to the assiduously cultivated fiction that CIA bungling rather than New Frontier gutlessness was responsible for failure at the Bay of Pigs. *Times*-man Szulc is an old hand at partisan propaganda in the classic Joe Barnes-Herbert Matthews tradition, while co-author Meyer, a *Washington Post* reporter, is obviously learning the craft on his way to bigger things. Reticent about his past, Szulc touched these shores en route from his native Poland to Brazil, where his father was established as official trade representative of the Polish People's Republic. Marriage to a United States citizen, and intercession with immigration authorities by a former Vice President and a senior U.S. Ambassador, got Szulc back into the U.S., where he remains, officially classified as a "stateless person." The book's publication date, April 17, has a special and cynical significance, for it was only a year ago that the Establishment chickened out on the anti-Communist invasion brigade, dooming many to needless death, others to "socialist" slavery. Soon afterwards Szulc toured the battleground in the entourage of a triumphant Fidel Castro. And so it goes. Our President's image has got to be preserved.

TIRESIAS

A NOTEBOOK FOR THE WINES OF FRANCE, by Creighton Churchill (Knopf, \$8.50). This is close to an ideal book on French wines. It supplies all the essential information of earlier handbooks and is in addition most pleasantly urbane and witty reading. The lists and indexes are munificent and contain one feature, often lacking, of great value: recommendations of the most reputable *négociants* and *propriétaires* of the Burgundy region. And Mr. Churchill has the great good sense to say bluntly and simply that there is just no wine made to go with ham.

F. S. MEYER

ANY BOOK

No matter how old or how long out-of-print located by expert staff. "Name the book—we'll find it." Fiction or non-fiction. All authors, subjects. Free search—courteous service—no obligation.

BOOKS-ON-FILE, Dept. NAT
Union City, New Jersey

Free to WRITERS

seeking a book publisher

Two illustrated brochures reveal how we can publish, promote and sell your book; tips to writers; facts and figures on how we published over 3000 authors. All types of books wanted. Write Dept. NXR5
Exposition Press, 386 Park Ave. S., N.Y. 16



BOOKS
LOCATED

You Name It! We Find It!

BOOK MARK

89Y Macomb

Mt. Clemens, Mich.

To the Editor

Paariahs

How about that! Buckley writes an article about Jack Paar [March 27] and before you know it Paar leaves the Wasteland. Why doesn't Buckley write one about the other Jack?

New York City MICHAEL MATTHEWS

Because of Lyndon.

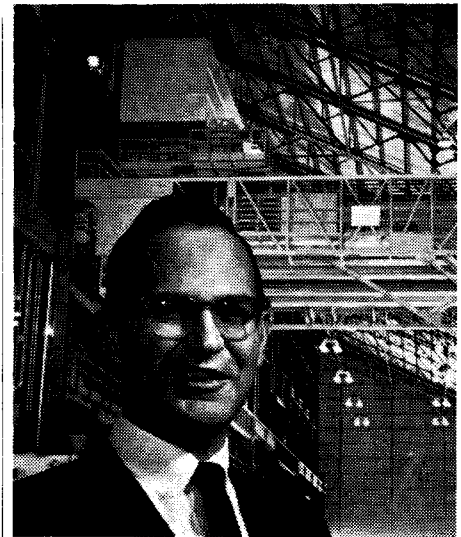
—ED.

Palm Beach: Its Habitués and Sons of Habitués

Now, now, children, fun's fun, but Robert Lewis Taylor's article, "On The Palm Beach Frontier" [April 10] is, to be euphemious about it, slightly incorrect and a little unfair to President Kennedy. Palm Beach is *not* the "most segregated village in America." (I've just come from there after looking for a little spot of publicity and doing some autographing and studying the inhabitants for "types.") New York and Chicago and Detroit and other northern cities are far more segregated. There is no curfew at sundown for negroes, as Mr. Taylor's article asserts. I saw colored folks on the streets of Palm Beach at midnight, well-dressed and decent men and women strolling along and taking in the sights and looking at shop windows, and in appearance and manners quite superior to a lot of the beatniks roaming around, refugees from the many motels. Nor is the fine police force in Palm Beach "reminiscent of Castro's unholy gendarmerie." They are a handsome bunch of men, and as a lady I ought to know! They are polite and helpful at all times. And the colored men and women who work in Palm Beach, contrary to what Mr. Taylor says about them being "low paid servants," receive just about the highest wages in the United States as domestics. Fifty dollars a week, plus room and board and laundry, and fringe benefits, is hardly a beggarly wage even in these days. Many get much more. Mr. Taylor implies that West Palm Beach, to which he alleges the colored people return at sunset, is a slum. It is a beautiful and bustling city, with expensive homes on Lake Worth, some of the country's finest hotels and apartment houses, and shops at least equal to those of Palm Beach's

Worth Avenue. I know the Palm Beach club where the President golfs, and it is about the best golfing area in Florida. My husband wanted to join, but the dues are \$7,000 initiation alone, and then you have to buy \$7,000 in bonds for the upkeep. This prevents middle-class people like ourselves from joining, and the colored people too, who, if they could raise the money, could join without question. It is *not* segregated. So there is nothing sinister or hypocritical in the President enjoying himself there and availing himself of the excellent clubhouse. I wish we could afford it, too. Also, the house of Clan Kennedy in Palm Beach is not the largest there, nor the most luxurious. In fact, it is rather elderly and looks a little beat-up.

Mr. Taylor sneers about the Kennedy fortune being "established by hawking Haig and Haig whiskey." There are "noble" inherited fortunes in America founded on brothels and worse. What's wrong with a good Scotch? My father came from a whiskey-making family in Scotland, but he preferred to be an artist and starve, which shows the Kennedys are brighter than my family. As for the Kennedys' yacht, "gigantic" to use Mr. Taylor's term, there were far superior and bigger drawn up at the West Palm Beach docks, as well as the Palm Beach ones. Mr. Kennedy's yacht could use a little paint here and there and a little polishing. Palm Beach is not a "Kennedy-dominated branch of Utopia." In fact, the snobbish folk at Palm Beach think the President is just a parvenu, but then their fathers and grandfathers were in the "flesh" market, and other unmentionable rackets of the nineteenth century, and what is whiskey compared with buying and selling young girls all over the western hemisphere or robbing Indians of furs or clubbing settlers to death for their land or selling opium or murdering the Seminole Indians? For long, long years no one would have anything to do with the Kennedys at all, and insofar as I could tell they still don't. Yet you'll find the hardest-core Pinks and Liberals in Palm Beach, all moist and steamy



**"Where ordinary parts
fail in months,
TSP hardened products
last for years."**

*Russell Hoffman, Chief Metallurgist
Tool Steel Gear & Pinion Co.*

Verified at the Colorado Fuel and Iron Corporation — this internationally famous Company, with major mining operations and steel plants across the U.S.A., has positive proof of the superiority of TSP hardened products. For example where ordinary rolls used for straightening flat and round steel bars provided only a few months' service, 'Tool Steel Process' rolls have lasted over two years. Where previous wheels on larry cars wore out quickly, TSP replacement wheels now deliver approximately twice the life previously experienced. For reasons like these, CF&I will use TSP products as replacements on specified equipment and in some cases ask that they be installed as original components on new equipment. In use on vital mining and steel production operations at CF&I plants are TSP gears, pinions, rolls, sprockets, bushings, pins, axles and wheels.

Request your copy of Bulletin 352, which explains what TSP products are.



COLLEGE STUDENTS

One-week co-ed conference on Economics and Political Science at The Hun School, Princeton, N.J., June 18-23. Classes under Drs. Spadaro (Fordham), Kendall (Georgetown, *National Review*), and Teufel (Grove City College); lectures by Lawrence Fertig (*World Telegram*), Dr. W. H. Peterson (N.Y. University), Mr. L. R. Boulware (General Electric) and others.

For information write

TULLER 
FOUNDATION
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF ECONOMIC UNDERSTANDING
P.O. Box 431, Red Bank, N.J.

For Lawyers Favoring a

CONSTITUTIONAL BAR ASSOCIATION

We believe there is a place and need for a new bar association on a state or national level, active in all phases of bar work and service to the public and the profession, with an independent, constitutional viewpoint. The need is shown by recent actions of existing bar associations in weakening anti-communist committees, abandoning the fight for a 25% limit on income taxes, failing to protest naming nearly all new Federal judges from one party, and in adopting negative resolutions on the Bricker Amendment and Connolly Reservation.

For Details . . . Write or Phone . . .

Sec'y, Independent Bar Association
550 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, N. Y.
PLaza 7-3638

FREE COURSE IN ECONOMICS

Offered as a Public Service
By Correspondence
Also Classes in Many Cities

A study that will help you understand today's trend in business, labor and taxes. Mail coupon TODAY

HENRY GEORGE SCHOOL, Dept. N.
Chartered by Univ. of State of N. Y.
50 E. 69th St., New York 21, N. Y.
Please send me further information about your FREE courses in economics.
Name
Address
City Zone State

and humid about the Common Man, while living off the sweat and blood and bodies of that very Common Man's ancestors. Take 'em away. You can have the horse-faced "aristocratic" ladies in Palm Beach, with their dried-up faces and mean eyes and their mates, who look more than just a little retarded and who breathe heavily through their mouths like apes.

At least the Kennedys are good-looking.

Buffalo, N.Y.

TAYLOR CALDWELL

We were highly amused at your recent article on Palm Beach, a good part of which is true. However if your author had recently visited our railroad stations, he would have noted that signs for "johns" have removed the wording "Colored" or "White." Colored persons freely visit the Henry Morrison Flagler Museum (former Flagler Mansion) in Palm Beach and I have seen Grant Bedford (Director) put an arm around some of them in welcome. This may be due to complete color blindness, although so far as I know he has not been recently examined. There have been no complaints about the presence of colored people in the Museum, of which I am a member.

Palm Beach, Fla. GEORGE C. T. REMINGTON

Mr. Douglas Stewart, in a letter [April 24], criticizes the Robert Lewis Taylor article about the Kennedys at Palm Beach. He says readers are left somewhat bemused as to the purpose of the article. I'm not bemused. Mr. Taylor's main purpose was to show up the sham do-good policies of the White House. President Kennedy wants a strictly segregated spot for his vacations, but wants everybody else integrated, like it or not.

As Mark Twain said, "To do good is noble, but to show others how to do good is nobler, and no trouble at all."

Milford, N.H.

GLADYS N. ROMNEY

A World of Difference

NATIONAL REVIEW carried a letter to the editor over the signature of Ralph de Toledano [March 27] in which the impression was given that *World*, a weekly national newspaper, had released Mr. de Toledano because of his "professional and political" convictions. In the interest of fairness to all concerned, we feel it is important to point out to your many

ATTENTION:

Connecticut Residents!
Don't miss this opportunity to hear

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

speak on "The Age of Modulation" at the Annual Veritas Awards Dinner of Providence College Alumni

Thursday, May 24, 7:30 p.m.
Waverly Inn, Cheshire, Conn.

\$10.00 per person

(All proceeds go to the Scholarship Fund)

The public is welcome and tickets may be purchased at the door.

For Reservations and information call or write:

The New Haven Club of Providence College
P.O. Box 970, New Haven.
Tel. SPruce 7-8584

Don't miss your boat!

plane. Don't arrive to find your favorite hotel full. Travel the easy,

... or your modern way—have everything waiting for you—let Margaret Cone make all your reservations now. Whether you are on business or vacation, you should enjoy yourself. And you will if you contact

MARGARET CONE TRAVEL SERVICE

Dept. R-1, 520 Fifth Ave.
New York 36, N.Y.
Tel. OXford 7-0796

SAVE 1/3 FACTORY TO YOU



World's Finest **SLEEPING BAGS**
Sleep in complete comfort in any weather. Read why most world famous expeditions and professional outdoorsmen everywhere buy BAUER Lifetime Bags. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. COMPARE FIRST! Risk not one cent! Read how in our free catalog.

FREE 64-PAGE BAUER Catalog

Edie BAUER SEATTLE 22, WASHINGTON Dept. P4

Buy American

Buy Quality

Buy Legion

... the world's most complete line of copper, stainless steel, and silver cooking and serving utensils for hotels, restaurants, clubs and institutions.

LEGION UTENSILS CO., INC.

21-07 40th Avenue, L.I. City 1, N.Y.
Offices in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas, Charlotte and Seattle

readers that Mr. de Toledano's separation from *World* was for no other reason than his unalterable opposition to management policy regarding physical appearance of the newspaper. There was not, and will not be, any criticism of either his philosophy or competence.

Washington, D.C. B. G. WHORTON
General Manager, *World*

State Department Myth

So we have crushed Katanga's unique effort among the Congo people to achieve a peaceful and prosperous economy. Could we not find any better excuse for this action than the reasons given by the State Department? The first of these is that the resources of Katanga province are necessary to enable the whole Congo to become a viable unit. I spent forty years in the Congo, learned some of its languages, knew many of its people, followed its history, and traveled into all of its provinces, and there is not any evidence to support such a statement. No one even knows what all the treasures of the Congo are, for exploration was made as far back as a half century ago, and where are these reports? I remember speaking to some of these men, mostly Americans, and they spoke of areas that could be left to more leisurely times, for only "rich" strikes were then considered.

Only a very small fraction of the Congo has been investigated, and I know of one site of diamonds that was not exploited simply because independence came in too fast. Katanga province provided some 30 per cent of the exports from the Congo prior to independence in 1959, but think of what the other 70 per cent comprised! All of the mineral resources are not found in the Katanga province. The diamonds are in the Kasai, at Bakwanga and Tshikapa, and at one time it was discovered that there were diamonds even on the paths in the little section occupied by agents' residences. There is gold in the Kasai, at Musefu, and at Kilo-Moto, in the Eastern province, and other minerals at Kindu, near Stanleyville; so, while Katanga may have a preponderant share, it does not have all. Yet surely there is no country so large as the Congo that would hope to build its future economy on minerals alone, even if that were possible. The Congo is a land rich

in agricultural actuality as well as potentiality. In the Kasai, apart from its gold and diamonds, there are large plantations of coffee, cotton, rubber, palm-oil and palm kernels (used in soap manufacturing and as a butter substitute). There are traces of oil, even in the north Sankuru region. Luluabourg, the capital, is a thriving industrial center situated near the railroad that runs from Port Francqui to Elisabethville.

Kivu province could well be the granary of the whole Congo. The soil is fertile, wheat is grown there (the only place in the Congo save for a small part of the Katanga), and pyrethrum exports are considerable. The climate is excellent, terrain rising to 6,000 feet and becoming cold at nighttime. Lake Kivu and Lake Tanganyika (the latter the largest inland lake in the world, some 600 miles long) provide an abundance of fish. Canneries could be established, for many areas of the Congo produce quantities of pineapples, bananas, oranges, tangerines, pawpaws, avocados and other fruit, and all that is required is some capital and the know-how to make it a commercial

BALLOU INC.

Manufacturers' Representatives

OUR PRINCIPALS

AirBorn Connectors, Inc.—Dallas, Texas
Precision engineered electronic connectors.

Heinemann Electric Co.—Trenton, N.J.
Molded case circuit breakers, overload and time delay relays.

E. V. Naylor Labs., Inc.—
Port Washington, N.Y.

Time delay relays, overload relays, Solenoids and position indicators.

Nelson Electric Mfg. Co.—Tulsa, Okla.
Switchgear, control centers, explosion-proof equipment, unit substations.

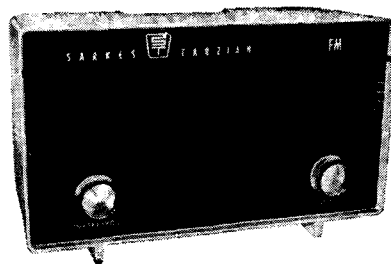
51 North Broad St., Ridgewood, N.J.
NY City WOrth 1-1610 N.J. GILbert 1-6990

Pension Trust and Profit Sharing Plan Actuarial and Consulting Services

- DESIGNING
- INSTALLING
- ADMINISTRATION

MASON KLINCK
400 Park Avenue, New York City
PLaza 1-4200

Special Offer to NATIONAL REVIEW Readers



SARKES TARZIAN

FM RADIO

Direct from Factory to You

\$19⁹⁵

Ideal for home . . . office . . . for college students . . . as a second set around the house (kitchen, bedroom, den). Exceptional tonal qualities. Drift-free performance. Attractive styling. Available in four conservative color combinations.

To cover shipping and insurance costs, add .95 per set for shipments East of Mississippi, \$1.50 for shipments West of Mississippi.

Sarkes Tarzian, Inc., Consumer Products Division, Bloomington, Indiana

Here's my check for \$..... Send my FM Radio to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

Designate color combination preferred

☐ White Cabinet,
White Front

☐ Grey Cabinet,
Charcoal Front

☐ Grey Cabinet,
White Front

☐ White Cabinet,
Charcoal Front

CLASSIFIED

NATIONAL REVIEW ACCEPTS

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. NATIONAL REVIEW reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason, and of course will not knowingly accept an advertisement from any Communist, fascist, or racist advertiser. Readers should bear in mind, however, that it is impossible for NATIONAL REVIEW to investigate the subject-matter or sponsorship of every advertisement acceptable on its face. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words. If a box number is desired count two extra words. Text accompanied by full payment in the form of cash, check or money order, must be received 25 days before publication date. All responses to box numbers will be forwarded and postage billed periodically. Mail to be called for at NATIONAL REVIEW will be held 60 days only. Address: Classified Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

LITERARY

LOCATE any book. Best prices. Aardvarks, Box 668-N, San Diego 12, California.

WILL PAY \$60 for Bound Volume No. 1 of National Review in good condition. Box 96, National Review.

SPANISH BOOK & RECORD SHOP, 1447 Third Street, Santa Monica, Calif., has available representative selections from most Spanish speaking countries. Trade enquiries welcome.

REAL ESTATE

BAHAMAS WATERFRONT—Join small colony of retirement and winter homes on secluded harbor in tax-free yachting and fishing paradise. 1/2 acre to 1 acre, \$9,300 up. Write airmail (13¢). EASTERN SHORE, Ltd. Marsh Harbor, Abaco, Bahamas.

RUGGED VERMONT SHORE FRONTAGE ON SOUTHERN LAKE CHAMPLAIN. \$15.00 to \$20.00 a foot. Acreage as well. Write Box 131, NR.

JOBS AND JOB HUNTERS

POLITICAL RESEARCH ANALYST on West Coast. Experienced conservative seeking new position with firm or organization actively furthering free enterprise. Write Box 116, NR.

RESPONSIBLE CONSERVATIVE COLLEGE STUDENT seeks summer employment in Chicago area. Write Box 110, NR.

YOUNG WOMAN seeks private school employment, preferably in Northwest. Year's experience teaching 7-8 grade English and physical education in county System. B.A. 1956, various courses since, 3 years in traveling job primarily to South America and Europe. Student of libertarian philosophy. Please reply Box 162, NR.

YOUNG LIBERTARIAN CONSERVATIVE HISTORY MAJOR, student of Political Science and Political Institutions. Ten years experience in responsible administrative positions—seeking position with California firm. Write Box 133, NR.

YOUNG WOMAN DESIRES RESEARCH POSITION in New York area. Has background in Russian History, English Literature and fluency in French language. Write Box 108, NR.

TRAVEL

INDIAN CAVE LODGE AND COTTAGES, Lake Sunapee 33, N.H. Summer resort. Directly on lake. Planned recreation. Swimming pool. Delicious meals. Cocktails. \$65 up/week. Folder.

INVESTMENTS

DO YOU INVEST? For prompt, courteous service and convenient midtown stock brokerage facilities, phone Leon Weil, Co-manager, Steiner Rouse & Company, MU 2-0300, Lexington and 41st St., New York City. Members New York Stock Exchange.

BUSINESS OWNERS. Sponsor 5 minute radio program "Let Freedom Ring" by Ralph Moffatt. Hard-hitting Conservative Anti-Communist commentary. Write for details—12842 Eveningside Dr., Santa Ana, California.

SPEAKERS

AVAILABLE FOR LIMITED SPEAKING ENGAGEMENTS during 1962 season: Wm. F. Buckley Jr., Frank S. Meyer, Wm. A. Rusher, Wm. F. Rickenbacker, Willmoore Kendall. Write to M. Catherine Babcock, Inc., 528 Southside Road, Virginia Beach, Va. for details.

ORGANIZATIONAL

CONSERVATIVES! Help block leftist measures, and support sound ones, by sending skillfully aimed and carefully-timed letters to key Congressmen, newspapers, etc. Join Public Action, Inc.—the fast-growing legislative service that keeps an eye on bills before the Congress and alerts conservatives when it's time to act. Just \$2 a year will show you how to Get Results from your government. Send check or money order to Dept. N, Public Action, 131 East 69th St., New York 21, New York.

CENTRAL QUEENS YOUNG REPUBLICAN CLUB will show film THE WISCONSIN STORY, about the Kohler strike, Sunday, May 20, at 2:30 PM, at the Justice Street Inn. Located at 5219 Justice Street, Elmhurst, N.Y. Discussion and dancing will follow the film. Contribution \$1.25. For further information call John Baker, TW 9-8938.

GOLDWATER FOR PRESIDENT. Imprinted on a quality sweatshirt in large bold letters. Price \$3.98, hooded \$4.95. Sizes, S,M,L,XL. Write Wesley, Box 25, Brooklyn 20, N.Y.

GOLDWATER lapel tabs (black on gold): 25 for \$1.00; 100 for \$3.00; 500 for \$10.00; 1000 for \$15.00. COFAM, Box 475, Troy, N.Y.

More than 55,000 college students now hear the weekly MANION FORUM BROADCASTS on their campus stations, at Yale, University of South Carolina, University of Pittsburgh, etc. See how you can bring this program to your college radio station. Write to the Manion Forum, Department C, South Bend, Indiana.

THE DELAWARE DEFENDERS OF THE REPUBLIC, Box 2042, Wilmington 99, Delaware, will mail free their action leaflet which can be adapted for other conservative groups.

FIGHTING COMMUNISM? Want concrete information for concerted action? Write P.O. Box 645, Summit, New Jersey.

ARIZONANS FOR GENERAL WALKER, Box 7299, Phoenix 11, Arizona.

AT LAST! A clear, concise analysis of the U.N.'s aggression against Katanga. A new pamphlet, "PEACEMAKERS ON THE WARPATH," by Fred J. Eckert (foreword by Professor Anthony T. Bouscaren) lays bare the facts about the U.N.'s Hungary. Only 30¢ each, 10 for \$2.50, 5 for \$11.00, 100 for \$20.00. Send coin or check to: American Affairs, P.O. Box 8434, Roselawn Station, Rochester, N.Y.

I'M FOR BARRY GOLDWATER AND FREEDOM, huge 3 1/2" button with photograph—\$1.00. Bulk rates. William Lindberg, Box 241, Olympia, Washington.

CONSERVATIVES FOR REAL ACTION—Join Suffolk YAF. For further information write P.O. Box 99, Comack, N.Y.

GOLDWATER FOR PRESIDENT, bumper stickers, 6 for \$1.00. Box 5243, Sherman Oaks, Calif.

CARDS FOR CARD CARRYING AMERICANS—Two color, Two sides, \$1.50 hundred, Teacher publishing, Box 9556, Dallas, Texas.

ALERTING PARENTS. American youth are exposed to pressures in a ruthless attempt to destroy love of country and engender a preference for world government. A documentary 25¢. The Evanston Panel, Box 872, Evanston, Ill.

CONSERVATIVES! Get your "Goldwater for President Petitions" now. Start working. Write Dr. A. B. Strozier, Jr., 7338 McHenry, Houston 17, Texas.

FIGHT COMMUNISM—Brilliant, 3-color bumper stickers, 4 for \$1.00, P.O. Box 1186, New Rochelle, New York.

"GOLDWATER FOR PRESIDENT" imprinted on ballpoint pens. Four different samples \$1.00. Chesapeake, Box 5001, Middle River, Baltimore 20, Md.

MISCELLANEOUS

GOING AWAY WITHOUT YOUR CAR? Consider AUTO DEAD STORAGE. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. NEWBOLD GARAGE, 2000 Westchester Ave., Bronx 62, TA 2-9336.

HELP US OBSOLESCE a familiar liberal cliché. Buy your "I AM A RIGHT-WING EXTREMIST" button today. 50¢ each or 3 for \$1.00. Write Operation Obsolescence, 5744-26th N. E., Seattle 5, Washington.

PHILATELIC JUNGLE 10¢. Fifteen zoological specimens. Approvals included. FREE watermark detector. CROWN STAMPS, Virgil 315, Ontario.

WORDS WE LIVE BY—Large, authentic, antiqued reproductions suitable for framing or study. Package contains Constitution, Bill of Rights, Declaration of Independence, Gettysburg Address. Send \$1.00, Document Distributors, Box 4966, Washington 8, D. C.

TO GRACE YOUR CONSERVATIVE PARLOR. 11 x 14" oil portrait of Joe McCarthy, Barry Goldwater, or Colonel Glenn. \$8.00 per. Write Box 128, NR.

25 LARGE AMERICAN COMMEMORATIVES 10¢. Accompanying approvals. FREE perforation gauge. LINSTAMPS, St. Catharines 115, Ontario.

ANTI-COMMUNIST TRACTS. (1) "Why We Are Losing" (2) "Raising the Minimum Wage" (3) "Facsimile of Letter to Senator Goldwater" (4) "Review & Comment" (5) "Facsimile Letter to Congressman Judd" (6) "Two More Yalpas" (7) "Actions Speak Louder" (8) "Warning." 15¢ each. (*20¢) Public Opinion, Box 4044N, Long Island City 4, New York.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experimental. Details, catalog FREE. Research Association, Box 24-NL, Olympia, Wash.

101 DIVERSIFIED BRITISH COMMONWEALTH 10¢. Approvals included. NIAGARA STAMPS, St. Catharines 515, Ontario.

success. The Eastern province has its gold, tin, copal, fish and other products, and possibilities exist for expansion. That leaves the provinces of Léopoldville and the Equator. In the city of Léopoldville, there are cotton mills, blanket mills, an asbestos factory, assembly plants, and many industrial enterprises, including the headquarters of the fluvial transport company. It is about as rich as Katanga, although in a different sense, having a sugar refinery below Léopoldville, a cement works, a railroad running from the capital to Matadi, and at the port of Matadi, to which ocean-going steamers come, a hydro-electric potential of 25 million kilowatts. There is now a hydro-electric plant at Zongo Falls near Léopoldville, but it is inadequate to supply the city and suburbs. Then the province of the Equator which, while the poorest, is yet not poor, for it has its rubber plantations, its copal production and other means by which it could contribute its share to the national expense.

The Congo could well meet its expenses with five provinces, and, with loans and investments, could become a country where the standard of living would be the envy of Central Africa.

REV. JOHN MORRISON, D. D.
Wayside Presbyterian Church
Signal Mountain, Tenn.

Como Simpatico!

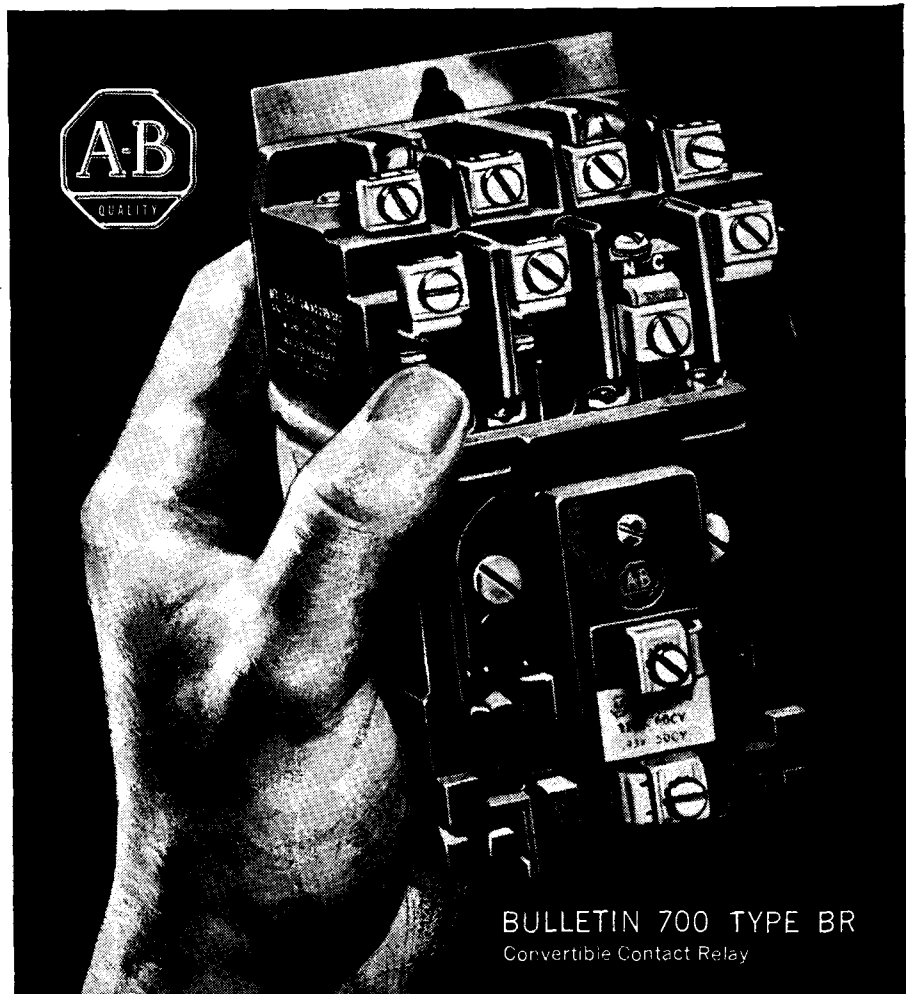
I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Frank S. Meyer on his fine article, "What Is Under the Bed?" [April 10]. It is this kind of clear reasoning which is going to win the "middle-of-the-roaders" and the "confused and misguided fellow citizens" to the conservative cause. It is a terrible shame that so many well-meaning citizens would rather dismiss Liberals as "comsymps," thereby alienating not only them, but many undecided persons as well.

Midland, Mich.

DAVID ROWE

Anyway, It Was Fun

The April 24th NATIONAL REVIEW was certainly a rouser, and the best of all, of course, was the delightful flourish of Mr. A. G. Heinsohn Jr., Grand Exalted Pish-Posh of the Robert Welch Society. As a morbid fancier of political clowning, I propose a fight to the finish between AGH Jr., the Bare-Knuckled Coot, and WFB Jr., the Little Boy Blue,



It's Almost Unbelievable How Long This Relay Will Operate!

Numbers high in the millions seem to have lost some of their significance in recent years—except, perhaps, when you're talking about the millions of operations in the life of a control relay. Then, these millions of operations can be translated directly into dollars—dollars you may never have to spend for production downtime, because the mechanical life and electrical reliability of Allen-Bradley Bulletin 700 relays *have never been equaled!*

There's a Bulletin 700 relay for every requirement. And, each relay has been made as nearly perfect for its function as possible. For example, the Type BR 4-pole relay that's shown above has convertible contacts—only a screwdriver and a few seconds are needed to change any one of these normally open contacts to normally closed—or vice versa. As a result, you can make "on the job" circuit corrections or modifications easily. Also, you need fewer types of relays in inventory.

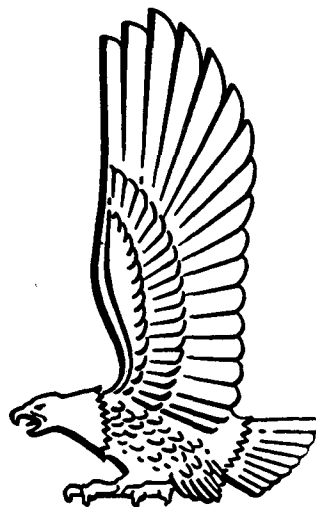
Please write today for details of *all* A-B Bulletin 700 relays: Allen-Bradley Co., 1210 South Third Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

ALLEN-BRADLEY

Member of NEMA

Quality Motor Control

There will be, I fear, spoliation. The spoliation will increase the distress. The distress will produce fresh spoliation. There is nothing to stop you. Your Constitution is all sail and no anchor. As I said before, when a society has entered on this downward progress, either civilization or liberty must perish. Either some Caesar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand; or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the Twentieth Century as the Roman Empire was in the Fifth—with this difference, that the Huns and the Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions.



in the public plaza with slapsticks and cream pies. Anyhow, Mr. Heinsohn Jr. oughtn't be too unhappy about his thousand bucks; it provided: Mr. George Pepper's excellent article (tell him to come home—he's *learned* to write); Mr. Bozell's interesting harangue on the Christian West to a gaggle of languid Ivy-League seducers and tennis-players; Forrest Davis pouring goose-grease on Shad-egg pouring olive-oil on Goldwater; a good thing on sf (Theodore Sturgeon); and, finally, Mr. Heinsohn's gallant uproar in the letters (closed by my mild effort).

Note to my inevitable accusers: you can't win a conviction; more things are wrought by bread-knives than this world dreams of. In fact, it was no mere bread-knife that cut down my arrays of syllogism, trope and compelling analogy; it must have been a ceremonial, imperial, two-handed whangee! More simply: my letter had much of the cogent argument excised, but if it was necessary to save room for Mr. Heinsohn, it was a wise move.

Toronto, Canada

DOUGLAS STEWART

From a letter written by the English historian, Lord Macaulay, on May 23, 1857, to H. S. Randall, Esq., in which he analyzed whether liberty could endure in America, predicting economic vicissitudes would cause people to vote for legislators who promised to plunder the savings of the thrifty.

W. H. BRADY CO.

**Manufacturers of Quality Pressure-Sensitive Industrial Tape Products, Self-Bonding Nameplates,
Automatic Machines for Dispensing Labels, Nameplates, Masks and Tape. Est. 1914**

EST. 1914

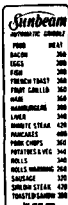
719 WEST GLENDALE AVE.

MILWAUKEE 9, WISCONSIN

Poly-Plates

Self-bonding Nameplates
of miracle Mylar* with
permanent sub-surface
metalized printing

*DuPont's Reg. TM



QUIK-PLATES

Self-bonding anodized and etched Aluminum Foil Nameplates

**BRADY-CAL**

**Self-sticking All-Vinyl
or Mylar Nameplates —
surface-printed . . .
permanently protected**

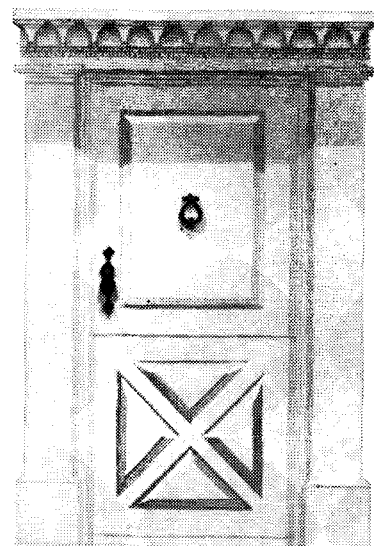
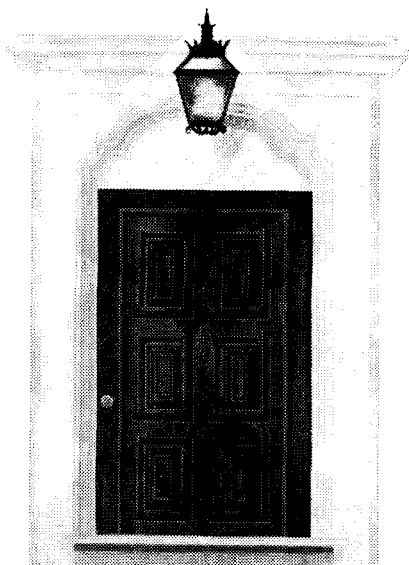
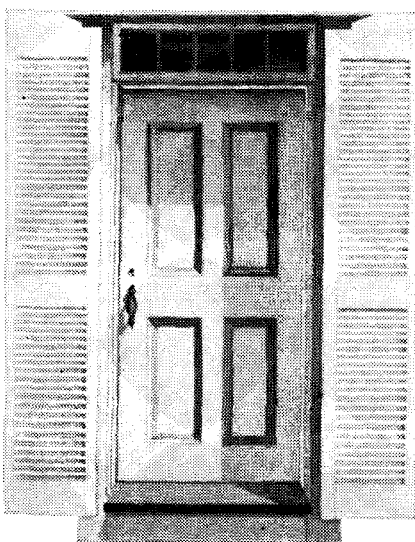
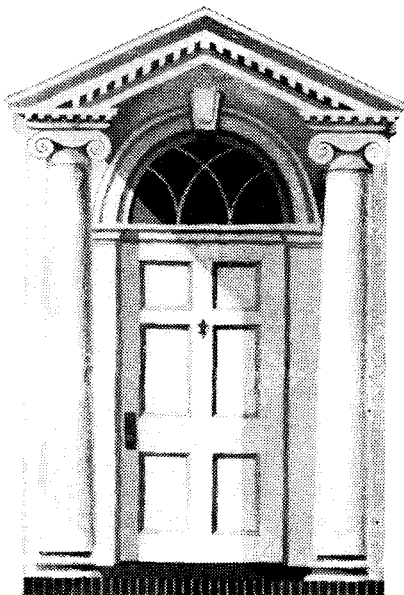
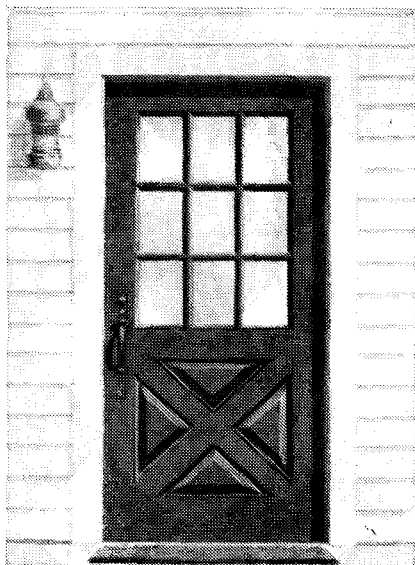


enough, I wish to meet your Session once the holiday tumult is over and renew my profession of faith."

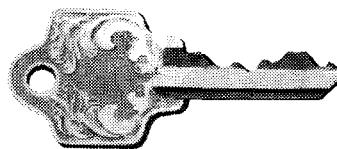
It was typical of the "roguish saint" in Forrest that in applying for readmission to a church he could also delicately asperse what modern man has done in making Christmas a "tumult." It was also typical that he could couch his spontaneously scribbled request in his own elegant style. When the "tumult" had subsided he did meet the Session—and was welcomed back into the church which he had never spiritually deserted.

As Suzanne La Follette, an old friend whose battles he had fought, stood at the graveside, she remarked, "What a beautiful voice he had." Forrest's voice, with its suggestion of a twinkle, will live for his friends in the modulation of his written sentences; they were made to come felicitously off the tongue. More than that, their meaning was always precisely shaded to be absolutely clear. In the larger Session of the Western community, his standing was never in the slightest doubt.

You choose the door...



we'll supply the key



When you find the home of your dreams, we'll help provide the key to the front door. We help over a million families a year to finance homes . . . because we're home loan specialists. In fact, more home loans are made by Insured Savings and Loan Associations than by all other financial institutions combined . . . an important stimulus to the national economy.



SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS

© 1962. THE SAVINGS AND LOAN FOUNDATION, INC., 1111 "E" STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON 4, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. - MRS. IGOR CASSINI - MR. IGOR CASSINI, MEMBER OF THE TOLSTOY FOUNDATION - MRS. WILLIAM HARBACH - MR. PETER ESTIN - MR. E. HARING CHANDOR - MISS BETSY PICKERING - COL. SERGE OBOLENSKY

Cassini gives a party

and serves Vat 69, the light Scotch you'll recommend tomorrow.
 Here's the one Scotch — appreciated and enjoyed the world over by people of taste.
 Serve it the next time the party's important. **One Scotch Stands Out...Vat 69.**

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD., IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DIST. PRODS. CO., N.Y. SOLE U.S. DISTR., BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED